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NOTES.

THE investment of Santiago has been rapidly effected by the American forces, and we are within measurable distance of the first land battle of the war. The mistakes that were due to lack of preparation on the part of the United States have been to a great extent redeemed by the practical genius of the race. The result is not doubtful, but the Americans will probably find the reduction of Santiago a more difficult matter than Special Correspondents believe. The outer defence consists of fortified blockhouses which crown every hilltop on the line of the American advance, while behind these there are numerous entrenchments, with their deep rifle-pits protected by barbed wire. This state of preparedness has been the occasion of surprise: but why should it be so? The authorities in Santiago have had ample warning, and if the Spanish soldier puts his back to the wall and fights a dour fight the capture of the city and the ships will not prove a simple matter. So far, it is not the common sailorman or soldierman that has failed; all the disasters that have overtaken the Spaniards have had their roots in the official corruption that has been sapping the strength of Spain through long years.

Nowhere was that corruption more obvious than in the collapse in the Philippines as it has hitherto been reported. Many of these reports must have been exaggerated: for Manila has not yet fallen: but its surrender either to Admiral Dewey or General Aguinaldo cannot long be postponed. On 23 June the Governor-General reported to Madrid that he was still maintaining his position against the insurgents at the line of blockhouses round the city. He admits, however, that the situation is very serious, for not only are the insurgents increasing in numbers; the defence is also hampered by the great crowds of non-combatants who have flocked into the city from the rural districts. Yet he is resolved to fight for the honour of his flag to the very last. The latest telegrams are not quite so despairing in tone. The attack on the city is not being pressed, the American forces have not arrived, and a friendly German squadron is at anchor in Manila harbour. For these reasons the defenders seem to have plucked up spirit, and the work of strengthening the citadel by means of sandbag breastworks proceeds apace. It is even claimed by the garrison that they have driven back the insurgents at various points, and the suburb of Malate is now to be burned by the Spaniards in order to deprive the enemy of shelter. This hopeful activity is creditable to the Governor-General, but one feels that it has arrived much too late.

Too late, also, is the dispatch of Admiral Camara's squadron to the Philippines. Although his fleet, on paper, is stronger than that of Admiral Dewey, yet the

Spaniards would be at a great disadvantage when they arrived with empty bunkers after a long voyage. It is just possible, however, that certain interested European Powers have promised to give Spain their support, moral or material, if she will make a strong demonstration in the Philippines. Little they care for the interests of Spain, but they have their own very definite ends to serve. The Philippine Islands—some 1200 in number—have an incalculable value for the European nations who are interested in the division of China. They are within a few days' sail of Hong Kong. Manila harbour could be made impregnable, the islands grow unlimited foodstuffs, while the coal, iron, and gold mines have never been effectively worked. In the hands of a great Power the Philippines could be made a strong base in any troubles in the Far East, and for that reason France, Germany and Russia are determined to do what is possible to prevent them from passing into the hands of the United States. It is not that they fear the United States, but throughout Europe the United States and Great Britain are now considered (somewhat prematurely) to be the same nation as well as the same race. Any chance, however remote, that the Philippines might fall to Great Britain will drive the three Powers we have named into an instant combination to defeat that chance.

Meanwhile the United States has taken her line: whether Admiral Camara proceeds to the Philippines or returns to Cadiz she will send a squadron to bombard the Spanish coasts. No doubt there are elements of irritation and boastfulness in this decision, but yet there seems no very great reason why the threat should not be fulfilled. If Admiral Camara proceeds on his voyage there will be practically no Spanish fleet left to meet the American squadron, and the defence of Spanish harbours by means of mines would probably be as ineffective at Cadiz as at Manila. One would not be surprised to hear, therefore, that Admiral Camara's fleet had been recalled; indeed, it seems the only way to try to save a difficult situation. Even so, it may fail to keep the present Spanish Government in power or save the dynasty. For the present political situation in Madrid rests on the slenderest basis. Any sinister event—the fall of Manila, a defeat at Santiago, the departure of the American squadron for Europe—might precipitate riot and revolution. And that would be the greatest disaster that could befall at the present moment—to America as well as to Spain. For the men who would succeed the present rulers must needs leap into power upon the back of mighty promises to save Spain. That means more war—a hopeless, suicidal war; and what all human and sensible men desire, in the interests of everybody, is the advent of an honourable peace.

Last week we expressed a hope that our Government would answer the naval demonstration of the Germans

at Manila with a display of force corresponding to the relative size of the two navies. We pointed out that our interests in the Philippine Islands were enormously larger than those of the Germans. We find from some figures published in the "Times" by its correspondent in Berlin that our interests are thirty-three times as large as those of Germany; are, indeed, larger than those of any two other nations. Here are the statistics:—In 1896 Great Britain imported from the Philippines goods to the value of \$7,467,500; the United States was represented by \$4,982,857; Spain by \$4,500,000; France by \$1,987,900; Japan by \$1,387,909; Germany by \$223,700; Belgium by \$45,000; China by \$13,770; all other countries together by \$4,065,704. The value of the exports of the exports of the various nations in 1896 to the Philippines was as follows:—Spain, \$7,700,000; Great Britain, \$2,467,090; France, \$1,795,900; Germany, \$744,928; Belgium, \$272,240; the United States, \$162,446; China, \$98,782; all other countries, \$4,907,184. In the face of these facts will our Government still be content to be represented at Manila by two small cruisers as against the German squadron?

Mr. D. W. Thomas wrote to the "Times" of Tuesday to point out that our export of coal was 12 million tons larger in 1897 than it was in 1887. This increase of 55 per cent. is used by Mr. Thomas to poke heavy fun at those who draw attention to the increasing and successful competition with British products waged by Germany. Mr. Thomas notices that Germany has increased her import of British coal by 80 per cent. in the ten years, and waxes jubilant over this testimony to British industry. Now, were coal perpetually renewable like wheat or wine, we could understand Mr. Thomas's exultation; but why he should rejoice because we sell more cheap coal to Germany in order that Germany may beat our iron and steel products in neutral markets, we are at a loss to conceive. Mr. Thomas's laughter is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

So the possession of Egypt is to cost us still another million. It has estranged us from France, and this estrangement has already cost us dear in Madagascar and in Tunis, where our trade is practically ruined; in Siam, too, and on the West Coast of Africa; in fact, in all parts of the world. And what have we got for it all? Less than nothing. As Machiavelli showed, every colony or outpost not peopled by Romans turned out in time of war to be a weakness to the Imperial Power. The rule holds good to-day and with us. In time of war Egypt would be a source of weakness to us. We should either have to abandon it in double quick time, or else to defend it on land against a probably superior force. Egypt is a sort of clubfoot, and still we go on paying for it. In this world such folly is certain to bring its own punishment.

At last there is ground for hope that the beginning of the end of the South Wales coal strike is in sight. This welcome change in the prospect is directly traceable to the debate in the House of Commons a week ago. Mr. Ritchie then made the position of affairs quite clear. It has been said that the Board of Trade were to blame for not moving with a view to terminating the insane conflict. The Board of Trade, in his opinion, is helpless until one side or the other applies to it for counsel and assistance. Had the men been as anxious as their friends declared to return to work, they had only to invite Mr. Ritchie to move, and it would, he assured the House, have required some very powerful reason to prevent him from at once seeing what could be done. The request from the men has now been made, and Mr. Ritchie has his opportunity. The stubborn character of the strife hitherto has been shown in the failure of the repeated conferences. At the same time we fear Mr. Ritchie has not done all he might. He has, it is true, been at pains to discover the facts, but they have only served to convince him that the present was an unpropitious moment for interference. He has obviously been chiefly impressed by the unyielding attitude of both sides. But if the Board of Trade is powerless to move until the combatants are exhausted and a district has been half

ruined, it may be taken as pretty certain that the Conciliation Act is worthless. It only enables the Government to do in certain contingencies what they would do if no such Act existed, and the sooner it is made compulsory, the better.

The crisis in Italy has been temporarily relieved by the formation of a Government under General Pelloux. The new Premier is a Radical and a soldier, and what he is likely to do as head of a Government no one seems to know. His appointment is a source of undefined misgiving to the friends of Italy. Certain commentators in London wonder why the King sent for him rather than for the Marquis Visconti Venosta or Baron Sonnino. The explanation, no doubt, is that the Radicals made the position of the Marchese di Rudini untenable, and that where the late Premier, arch-trimmer as he was, could not command a majority among the Moderates, supported by a sprinkling of Radicals, the Moderates alone could not hope to hold their own. In Italy two things are especially essential, financial reorganization and control, and firm and liberal administration. Her only assurance at the moment is that General Pelloux cannot do much worse than the Marquis di Rudini, and may do much better. Italy has too long been victimised by invertebrate opportunism. She seems as incapable of giving birth to disinterested statesmanship as thirty years ago she was incapable of achieving unity unaided. Mazzini used to insist that Italy should work out her own salvation, and not depend upon alien messiahs. How far short of that independent ideal she fell is common knowledge; the history of the last few years may well inspire grave doubts whether she was fitted for the position to which she attained under the conditions which Mazzini deprecated.

No one in France expects M. Brisson's ministry to last, but as there is no one ready to step into M. Brisson's place, it may drag on without a programme or a policy for some months. Former ministries have been formed by leaders who possessed something resembling a majority to start with. M. Brisson will be noted in parliamentary history as the only leader who undertook to keep a Cabinet together in face of a Chamber that had already three times defeated him on a strictly personal vote. When at the opening of the new Chamber and the new session M. Brisson stood for the temporary presidency, he was defeated by a majority of one; on a succeeding vote the majority against him was four, and on the final vote for the presidency he was defeated by ten in a full house. So, as he cannot be President, why make him Prime Minister? Except that they do not command a majority, we do not know that there is anything to say against M. Brisson and his colleagues—or for them. They are mostly worn out political hacks, with elastic convictions, who may be relied on to answer interpellations and draw their salaries till the Chamber gets tired of them; and then the pack will be shuffled once more. We are sorry that M. Hanotaux disappears from the Foreign Office, for he belonged to a very different class. M. Delcassé, his successor, is one of the "colonial group," but as the Niger Convention was signed before M. Hanotaux left office he can do no harm in that direction.

Trouble may, however, arise in two quarters: in Egypt, or in Newfoundland. In eleven weeks Sir Herbert Kitchener proposes to be in Khartoum, and we have no doubt he will carry out his programme. Then at once rises the question to which Sir Charles Dilke endeavoured to get an answer on Monday night. What next? The Government would give no answer, but everybody knows that there will be no coming back, that Uganda and Egypt are to join hands on the Nile. It is a big programme and it is not our business at present to criticise it, but we hope the Government realises its magnitude and its risks. It will not do to "discover" the risk on the Nile as the risk at Peking was discovered—when it was too late. The smashing of the Khalifa may be the least of the tasks before the Sirdar and his powerful little army. There are French

interests and claims, and Abyssinian interests and claims, and according to all accounts Menelik needs no egging on either from M. de Bonchamps or from M. Leontieff. He regards himself as ruler right up to the Nile; he is furious at the occupation of Kassala, and he believes that he can dispose of all interlopers as easily as he disposed of the Italians. Has the Government realised all this, and is it prepared to act in case it finds that it has Menelik on its hands as well as the Khalifa?

In Newfoundland there are signs that the old trouble about the "French coast" may again become acute. We have, of course, a *modus vivendi* with the French, a *modus vivendi* so tactlessly arranged by our complaisant diplomatists that its carrying out drives the Newfoundland fishermen wild. The English commander on the station is, in fact, constituted a French agent of police, and issues and enforces orders as to when and where the Newfoundlanders may fish on their own shores, where they may take bait, and at what price they "must" sell it to their French rivals, and so forth. It is little wonder that the islanders are on the verge of riot and insurrection against such one-sided regulations; but there they are, and the Admiralty and the Colonial Office are bound by treaty to enforce them. Nobody proposes to fight France because our diplomatists at the time of the Treaty of Utrecht did not know their business. France must, in a word, be bought off by concessions elsewhere, and that is where the Colony looks to the Mother Country for help. The present situation is unjust to Newfoundland and highly dangerous to ourselves, and it ought not to be allowed to remain in that condition any longer. But, as we understand Mr. Chamberlain's answer on Monday, the home authorities have no intention of moving in the matter.

The fate of the Criminal Evidence Bill still hangs in the balance. Both Houses have again and again approved its principle by enormous majorities, but a curiously composite little minority is fighting it line by line in Committee. A section of the lawyers of course resist it, as their class has resisted every legal reform for centuries; one or two of the Tories resist it, because they can thereby get in one or two nasty knocks at Mr. Balfour and Sir Richard Webster; a little group of humanitarians resist it, because they think it will in some mysterious way be "against the prisoner;" the Irish Members, ably led on this occasion by Mr. Carson, oppose it, because in the Irish Courts it undoubtedly would in some cases be used to secure convictions at any cost. But this last argument, the only valid one, is deprived of all actuality by the fact that the Bill does not apply to Ireland. Our own view is the very simple one that to allow the prisoner to tell his own story can only work in the direction of truth and of justice, and, as we are convinced that at present a considerable proportion of prisoners are unjustly convicted, it follows that the effect of the Act will be helpful, and not injurious, to the innocent prisoner. That it will injure the lawyers by materially shortening trials and by substituting a common-sense and straightforward procedure for the present roundabout method is also true, but the country will survive that.

The old vein of sarcasm, which some have thought to be nearly worked out, was visible in the passages of Lord Salisbury's speech devoted to the domestic affairs of the United Club. The Club was commended for having once done useful work, and stimulated to rivalry with its now far past by the reminder that its self-constituted vocation was to educate the working classes politically (!). But the sting of the irony came in the ground assigned for the club's educational mission that its members heard and thought, while working men did not. More perfect sarcasm there could not be than this sketch of the lost ideal of an institution, which now seems to justify its existence by giving its members the opportunity of hearing one or other of the Conservative leaders, and of seeing once a year the inside of one of the great houses of London.

With the return of the Marquis de Bonchamps to Europe we may hope for trustworthy information as

to the extent of his journey and the cause of his return. According to the Paris correspondent of the "Times" (28 June), the Marquis de Bonchamps reached the White Nile, to the eastern banks of which he claims to have extended the influence of the Negus. But our suspicion that de Bonchamps did not reach the Nile is strengthened by his excuse that "if he had had light boats for ascending the river Baro, he would have fully succeeded." The Baro, which rises in Abyssinia, is a tributary of the Sobat. The descent of the Baro and of the Sobat would have taken the expedition to the Nile near Fashoda. Therefore the statement that the expedition could not travel along the Baro renders it most probable, as we announced in April, that it never reached the Nile. The Marquis admits that twenty of his men were killed, but the report does not say by whom. We have the further authority of Prince Henri d'Orleans for the fact that the expedition returned in consequence of a quarrel. It appears to have been a very sanguinary quarrel. The Marquis de Bonchamps will probably travel in Abyssinia no more.

The Royal Geographical Society has a weakness for big schemes. Thus Professor Reclus could rely on some sympathy when on Monday he propounded to that Society his project of a monster globe. In the days of Eiffel towers and big wheels there is no difficulty in the building of a globe on the scale of even 1:500,000. As one of the side shows of the next Paris exhibition, it would be very popular, especially if the globe were made to revolve on its axis, as a merry-go-round does. Seats could be designed according to the means of locomotion used in different countries. For example Sahara could be studded with dummy camels; Japan with rickshas; the Amazon with montereas; France with automotors; and Western America with bucking hacks. At the rate of one franc, one place, one revolution, the globe would be useful in amusing visitors, and might prove a profitable speculation. But that any scientific purposes would be served by the monstrosity only such a visionary anarchist as Reclus could believe.

It is a little strange that no critic of the recent war on the North-West frontier of India has seized the opportunity presented by the action of the British Government in making Egypt a present of three-quarters of a million sterling on account of the Nile expedition. The Imperial Government have persistently refused to lend ear to any suggestion that a grant should be made to India on account of the cost of the frontier campaign. India afflicted by plague, by famine, by currency and other troubles, has to bear alone the burden of a struggle which was in any case as much an Imperial as an Indian affair. India is part of the British Empire. Egypt, on the other hand, we have pledged ourselves to evacuate—some day. Indian finances are in a state which renders a loan a matter of absolute necessity. Egypt is flourishing and piling up surpluses. Yet the British Government, which refuses to give a penny to afflicted India, makes a present of £798,000 to Egypt. India has gained nothing from the campaign into which she was forced as the direct result of Imperial policy. What Egypt will gain by the reconquest of the Soudan is perfectly plain. There is not an argument in favour of the dole to Egypt which might not be emphasised in favour of similar assistance to India. The gift to the Khedive's Government may or may not be warranted; but in Imperial as in other matters charity should surely begin at home.

A very significant paragraph which deserved more prominent type and position than it received appeared in Wednesday's "Times." It was a statement taken from the "American Iron Trades Review," of the exports and manufactures from the United States for the first ten months of the uncompleted financial year. The returns, brought up to the end of April, show that for the first time in American history, the exports of manufactured goods exceeded the imports. In 1894-95, the imports exceeded the exports by 120,000,000 dollars, in 1895-96 by 104,000,000, in 1896-97 by 27,000,000, while in 1897-98 the exports for the first time had some 40,000,000 or 50,000,000. The writer concludes by remarking that "the total exports of

the two English-speaking countries are now about equal, each ranging from 225,000,000 to 240,000,000 sterling per annum, and both exporting more manufactured articles than they import." The moral drawn by the writer is, that it is to the interest of both countries to advocate the policy of the "open door," and to that we have no objection. But it puzzles us to know what moral the Cobden Club will draw.

The Bishop of London has issued a sensible and moderate letter to the clergy of his diocese in regard to the ritual question. Almost of necessity he confines himself to generalities. He directs that in regard to the Prayer-book services, they should be said in their entirety, audibly throughout, and we understand him to deprecate the shelving of Morning Prayer, which has become common among ritualist clergy, who push it into a corner with the view of exalting the Communion service. The Bishop wisely recognises that there must be room for new experiments in the way of services; but he asks that all such additional services shall be submitted to him for sanction, insisting that they shall conform to "the spirit and intention of the Prayer-book." How this will work out may be judged from the following example, for which we can vouch. Some weeks ago, a prominent London clergyman sent the Bishop a copy of an "additional service" which had been used in his church, asking his lordship's sanction. It contained a prayer for the dead. The Bishop sanctioned this service on condition that this prayer was altered in conformity with the last clause of the Prayer for the Church Militant. The clergyman in question at once complied.

It might have been anticipated that the Bishop's letter would not please the extremists. Mr. Westall, the incumbent of St. Cuthbert's, which was the scene of one of Mr. Kensit's performances, has already denounced the letter as "feeble." We do not suppose that the redoubtable Kensit will be any the better pleased. He appears to have a band of young fellows known as "Gideonites" at his back, who are alleged to meet for the purpose of taking lessons in the pugilistic art, in the intervals of church-brawling, we presume, and to render themselves more efficient in that occupation. It may as well be plainly stated that the only chance of getting the Bishops' authority recognised by the ritualist clergy is to put down brawling and violence of this kind. Mr. Westall and his friends are naturally sore, considering that Mr. Kensit has been far too leniently dealt with.

The grievance of the beneficed clergy in regard to the rating of tithe does not seem likely to be dealt with at present; at any rate, Lord Salisbury's reply to an influential deputation of his followers last week does not look like it. The "Guardian" seems to have reason for believing that specific hardship in the way of assessment is to be redressed. But it appears to be now practically certain that the treatment of the general question is to wait for the report of the Royal Commission on rating; and if so, it will probably have to wait some time.

We hear from Henley that the newspapers are singularly wrong in their estimate of the crews. London is very much above its recent average. Leander, instead of being very much below its average, is up to it except as regards bow and No. 2, and will be a very difficult crew to beat; and Jesus College, Cambridge, is remarkable for its position on the river, and is probably better over the whole course than the "head-of-the-river" crew. The Oxford College crews are not quite so good as they have been in recent years, but, Eton being good, the winners in the various races, except the Pairs, ought not to be below the average. In the Pairs the veterans alone can row, and the stroke of these veterans, although he has reduced himself by two stone in weight since he returned from Australia, is still perhaps not quite capable of rowing both long and strong over the whole course. But, then, will any of the other pairs be good enough to force him to do so?

LORD SALISBURY'S CONFESSION.

"A VIOLENT CHANGE OF POLICY."

THERE is nothing like adversity for bringing out the characteristic qualities of a man. Pose is forgotten in times of stress, and affectations fall away from one who is struggling desperately. This is the true explanation, we think, of the fact that Lord Salisbury never made a more sincere or a more characteristic speech than the one he delivered on Wednesday last. The occasion did not call for frankness, much less for a philosophic review of our foreign policy for the last forty years. Lord Salisbury was merely presiding at the annual dinner of the United Club, and might have been expected to make an ordinary after-dinner speech and conclude with a sneer at Home Rule or a jibe at some of its belated admirers. Oddly enough Lord Salisbury used this opportunity to talk at length about the Foreign Office and its traditions; then he spent half-an-hour in describing what our policy in China should be; and lastly he criticised with intense bitterness and unfairness the Press of this country, which up to the present moment has given him constant and cordial support, if not, indeed, always obsequious flattery. The cause of this curious and unhappy sincerity is, as we have said, to be found in the circumstances of the time itself.

Up to 1895 Lord Salisbury enjoyed in Great Britain the reputation of being a strong Foreign Minister. How he obtained that reputation is one of the puzzles of politics. Was it because he returned with Lord Beaconsfield from the Congress of Berlin with peace and honour and worthless Cyprus? Or was it that brave words were taken by the gullible people of this kingdom in lieu of brave deeds? Or was it that these causes worked together with an extravagant snobishness to attribute to a Foreign Minister, who was also a Prime Minister and a Marquis, the one quality essential to success? Whatever the true explanation may be, there can be no doubt of the fact that as late as 1895 Lord Salisbury was regarded by the general public as a strong Foreign Minister. True, even as early as 1895 one heard whispers in the Conservative press that he was "safe" rather than "strong," but up to that time no one except Prince Bismarck and the late Lord Randolph Churchill had ventured to speak of him as weak and a palterer, to whom the interests of this empire should never have been confided. But the last three years have been for an English Foreign Minister "times that try the soul," and at length Lord Salisbury, the true Lord Salisbury, has been discovered. Inside the Cabinet and outside of it those aware of the facts have tried to support and spur him on to a policy corresponding to his reputation; but in vain: like another Falstaff, he always finds innumerable reasons for preferring peace to greatness.

What has condemned him once for all has been his policy in China, if, indeed, that can be called a policy which, from beginning to end, has been nothing but an alternation of bragging and running away, defended by all sorts of contradictory explanations. The facts are so recent that they scarcely need recapitulation. First we had the theory of the "open door," and scarcely was that theory enunciated when Ministers ran about the country threatening war and goodness knows what besides to any Power who should seek to injure British commerce by shutting the door declared to be "open." At the time we ventured to declare that all this bluster was symptomatic of weakness, but the country was enthusiastic, and most people took the threats seriously. Then came the announcement that the Russians had taken ("leased" is the proper word) Port Arthur. We shall say nothing of the ugly story of the British men-of-war forced by foreign dictation to leave a port they had entered by way of menace; we prefer to deal here with facts that cannot be explained away or obscured by sophistry. According to the theory of the "open door," Russia should at once have been called upon for explanations and for an assurance that Port Arthur should be a commerce-free port for ever. But no: resolute action was not so much as discussed, and the vapourings of British Ministers died away into silence. We were

reminded that a Cabinet Minister had invited Russia to push southwards and take an ice-free harbour, and the bellicose Ministers went about explaining that, when they talked of war, they meant peace. Well and good: here at last was an alternative policy that had much to commend it; Port Arthur was not too dear a price to pay for Russia's friendship. Then followed the miserable and shameful fiasco of Talien-wan. We were to lend money to the Chinese and get Talien-wan as our reward. This journal pointed out at the time that to try to get Talien-wan was again to reverse our latest policy, and to irritate the Russians in defiance of reason. The loan, however, was refused, and the Russians took Talien-wan. As we had offered the cheek and invited the blow, we could not decently avenge it. Then the Germans took Kiao-Chau, and practically the whole province; the French also annexed a slice or two, and then we made the crowning mistake of the whole series of preposterous blunders. Instead of seizing four ports on the Yangtse-Kiang and the two provinces that connect our possessions in Upper Burma with the headwaters of that great river, we went a thousand miles from our base and took Wei-hai-Wei that is of no use to us, of less than no use, indeed, for it offends Russia and is a source of weakness to us, as any outlying port must be that we cannot fortify nor defend. The possession of Wei-hai-Wei by Great Britain is simply a reminder to the world of how feebly and ineffectually we can play dog-in-the-manger. For all these blunders, and for the shameful and crowning fiasco, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Salisbury alone, as Foreign Minister, and Prime Minister, and therefore practically uncontrollable, is to blame.

Now how does he talk of China and of our policy in regard to it in that speech which we have ventured to call especially characteristic of the man?

"If I am asked," he said, "what our policy in China is my answer is very simple. It is to maintain the Chinese Empire, to prevent it falling into ruins, to invite it into the paths of reform, and to give it every assistance which we are able to give it to perfect its defects and increase its commercial prosperity."

This hypocritical pretence of philanthropy is Lord Salisbury's answer to his critics. He imagines that he can quiet the discontent felt by the nation at large with his policy or rather with his extraordinary want of policy by an appeal to humanitarian sentiment. "Gladstone used to play it as his trump card," he says to himself; "why should not I use it just as successfully?" For two reasons, my lord: First of all; you are not Gladstone. In his mouth the appeal to sentiment became weighty because it was charged with personal conviction; in your mouth it is merely hypocritical. Again and again you have declared that a Foreign Minister must be selfish, more selfish even than a gentleman would be in private life: for a Foreign Minister is in the position of a trustee, and his highest if not his sole duty is to push and protect the interests of his client, the nation. The question put to you is how have you pushed and protected British interests in China? This and nothing else.

The second reason for his failure is one that Lord Salisbury himself must appreciate; it is to be found in the changed spirit of the time. And here we come to the very soul of Lord Salisbury's incautious self-revealing. On Wednesday evening he told his hearers that in 1865 the question came up in the House of Commons, "and in the higher spheres of Government" (mark the connexion of this "higher," the phrase is delicious, and paints one side of Lord Salisbury's character to the life: we are much mistaken if he does not hear of it again) as to the policy which ought to be pursued on the Western Coast of Africa. A committee of the House of Commons was assembled. Conservatives like Lord Stanley, and Liberals like Mr. W. E. Forster sat on the Committee, and the conclusion those able men came to was that "it was not desirable to get any more territory in Africa" . . . "and they further said that we ought to act so that we might in a few years withdraw from all the colonies we inhabited, except perhaps Sierra Leone." Lord Salisbury went on to contrast this Cobdenism which was buried, he said, about 1886, with the Imperialism of

our day. He ended with a curiously characteristic admission: "It is one of the difficulties which the Foreign Office labours under, that it has to represent the somewhat violent change from one policy to the other." If Lord Salisbury had been a little more ingenuous he would have spoken in this sentence of himself, and not of the Foreign Office. His policy as Foreign Minister does indeed represent the violent change from Cobdenism to Imperialism. He seeks to be little more than a barometer of the moral pressure of the time, and so at one moment he plays the part of a follower of Cobden and Gladstone, while at the next swing of the pendulum he is as Imperialist as Mr. Rhodes. Or rather, his words are the words of Mr. Rhodes, while his acts are those of a disciple of Cobden. And so he manages to irritate both parties and profoundly to disappoint all the deeper instincts of his countrymen. The power exercised by Palmerston showed plainly enough that Cobdenism was never more than a slight passing ailment of the British people. And now, when even the economics of the school are finally discredited, to evoke its invertebrate foreign policy and pay reverence to what was never more than the shadow of a shadow, is worse than superstition.

Lord Salisbury's sneer at journalists may easily be forgiven him; it is so inappropriate that it only betrays his temper. He had better set himself, even at this eleventh hour, to become an Imperialist, and allow the Cobdenism that seems to have attracted his youth to rest in its unhallowed grave. But the other day Mr. Labouchere used to praise him; even now the chief of the Little Englanders hugs himself with the knowledge that Lord Salisbury is "not a jingo," but he cannot help adding he is "a weak man, and given to brag and bluster." The man who represents "a violent change of policy" is never successful. A strong man is content to sit on one stool. F. H.

THE ELECTIONS IN GERMANY.

IT has always been difficult even for those who follow German politics most closely to strike a balance between the various parties that go to make up the Reichstag: but now that all the old leaders have disappeared and discipline has in consequence become slack, it is more than ever impossible to trace the lines of demarcation. For one thing, the "parties of protest," Poles, Guelphs and Alsations, no longer stand so rigidly aloof from the German party groupings as they once did, the Guelphs for example being frequently counted with the Centre, who, already the most powerful party in the Reichstag, are often further strengthened by the alliance of the Alsatian Catholics. The result is that although the last elections took place a week ago no two accounts agree as to the precise numbers, either in this Reichstag or in the last, of the various parties. The Socialists, who went to the country numbering forty-nine, have come back fifty-six, while the "Centre" appear to have added two or three to their previous total of 102, and the Radicals of various colours can still muster between fifty and sixty votes. A rehabilitation of the old "Kartell" party of ten years ago (National-Liberals, Conservatives, and Imperialists) is therefore not practically possible: for those groups are nearly a hundred short of a working majority, and the Emperor is still left face to face with the two great forces of Socialism and Ultramontaniam which Prince Bismarck tried his best to smash, but which have only thriven by persecution.

The Emperor, who began his reign by trying to kill Socialism with kindness, knows that there is nothing to be hoped for in that direction: so he will leave that hornet's nest alone. The Social Democrats, who, in spite of increasing numbers, are painfully conscious that their party has suffered disastrous defeats in Berlin, Stettin, Solingen, and elsewhere, and has thereby lost prestige in places where it regarded itself as invincible, are loudly challenging the Emperor to fulfil his threats of crushing them. A renewal of the Bismarckian Socialist Laws is just what they long for in order to infuse fresh vitality into the party. But even Kaiser William can hardly be so foolish as to walk into that trap. The only two courses open to him, in fact, are either to make terms with Dr. Lieber and his hundred stalwarts, or to make up his

mind to govern without a Parliament altogether, like his Imperial neighbour in Vienna, who will apparently be reduced to that extremity before the summer is out. Leaving out of sight the latter alternative—nobody is ready for a renewal of the era of "Conflict" just yet—there remains the practical question: what terms can be made with the Ultramontanes? There is no mystery about their demands: they have been the same for nearly twenty years past: but like practical men the Ultramontanes have always been prepared to take something on account and give their votes in exchange. However, before peace is definitely proclaimed they insist on a restoration of the *status quo* before the "Kulturkampf." This is the "Gang nach Canossa" which Prince Bismarck so often declared he would never make; but unless the Church gets back its schools and its religious orders, there can be no alliance. The Emperor has of late been almost obsequious in his flattery of the Pope; he has sent out his "only brother" to avenge the death of Catholic missionaries in China; his Chancellor is a Catholic. Will he take the plunge? There will be terrible rumblings in the "Hamburger Nachrichten," but we fancy that, in spite of the old man of Friedrichsruh, the young man will have to undertake the journey to Canossa.

Some of the correspondents will have it that the growth of Socialism constitutes the great danger ahead in Germany. It is true that it is somewhat disquieting to find over two million "able-bodied" voters, with fifty-six members, declaring for what we may call a Trafalgar Square programme—down with everything in Church and State. But, after all, we must not forget that German Socialism, like all the "isms," loses in intensity as it gains in volume. Strength brings responsibility and the extreme revolutionists in Germany are already complaining that their leaders are becoming mere opportunists. And it is inevitable that they should do so, provided always that the Emperor does not once again, as so often before, play into the hands of his enemies by starting on a fresh "Sozialisten-hetze." Then, indeed, the prisons would be full and the Extremists would rejoice. At present the old leaders are discredited and disheartened as is shown by the diminished poll in Berlin and in Hamburg, and their place is very imperfectly taken by raw peasant voters from East Prussia, from Silesia and from Wurtemberg. The National Liberals are dwindling and decaying, and the Radicals show no capacity for expansion. Their leader, Richter, is an able man, but as a practical politician absolutely barren. If one could imagine a cross between Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Courtney it would give a good idea of that German Radical leader—clever, ready and bitter of tongue, full of facts and statistics, but with no capacity for enthusiasm—he holds a certain personal following together, but makes no converts among the workmen. In such a situation it is inevitable that Socialism should gain ground; it is equally inevitable that as it gains ground it should develop into opportunism. So, after all, the elections leave Germany and German parties very much where they found them. The Reichstag will be singularly poor in men of light and leading, either in the amphitheatre or on the Ministers' Bench, where the Emperor will be represented by his clerks. In the Centre will sit the solid group whose votes will make or mar all the schemes of the Ministry, and the Emperor knows the price of those votes.

WANTED: A CLERKS' UNION.

THE acquisition of political power by the democracy in this country has naturally led to numerous attempts to ameliorate the condition of the great mass of the people. The methods so far adopted have not been characterised by any wide and general reform affecting simultaneously the prosperity of the whole nation, but rather by attention in detail to the grievances of class after class, as each has been able to attract the attention of the public and consequently of Parliament. How such methods have come to be adopted and whether they work as satisfactorily as could be desired might be an interesting inquiry; but, for the moment, we simply state the fact. One consequence certainly has been that

those classes who command a large number of votes and are free to demonstrate have had the ear of the politician and the press, while those who by circumstances have been precluded from airing their discontent have failed to secure the sympathies of both Parliament and public opinion.

Clerks, in common with many other classes, suffer to no small extent from what we may call the friction of progress. This friction certainly baffled the author of "Progress and Poverty," and many other economists, and led to the dismal doctrine that progress, at least the kind of progress we have achieved during this end of the century, necessarily involves increased poverty so long as artificial means are not taken to prevent it. The onward movement of humanity presents, if we glance over a sufficiently long historical period, a slow transition from the feudal to the commercial system. By the feudal system we mean the industrial and domestic arrangements which followed upon slavery. The strong and wealthy surrounded themselves with people who served in return for protection and livelihood. Duty and policy prompted the servants to loyalty and pride in the home, and the master to patriarchal benevolence and lifelong solicitude for his dependents.

The commercial system is now bringing about a thorough change in these relations. Instead of lasting patriarchal arrangements we now have temporary contracts; instead of payment in kind we have payment in cash; instead of solidarity we have antagonism. The advantages the change of system is supposed to confer are personal independence, greater social equality, limitation of the power of bad masters and a fair chance for all. The eagerness shown by all so-called progressive parties in all countries to accelerate the advent of a complete commercial system has sprung from the conviction that were the privileges of the masters curtailed, and were the widest social and political liberty granted to the masses, these would easily attain to prosperity and happiness. We live at a period when strong doubts have arisen with regard to the belief that the commercial system, with its free contracts and compensation by competition, can produce prosperity for all classes.

Clerks belong to that class which, for the present at least, suffer from the adoption of the new system in place of the old. Their principals are not chiefs to whom they can look to for lifelong protection and patriarchal solicitude. Clerks do not dwell in their masters' homes, do not share in the family festivities. Their health and comfort are not looked after by the masters' wives. Modern employers of clerks repudiate all responsibility towards their employés, except that of paying them a salary. Hard cash has taken the place of patriarchal protection, and hard bargains are the result. The advantages of the commercial system have yet to come. We are glad to see that the clerks themselves begin to realise that such improvement as modern progress should bring will not be theirs until they combine and take their destiny into their own hands. The response accorded to a series of articles appearing in a new contemporary, "The Longbow," seems to indicate that the smouldering discontent in the counting-houses will find vent in collective action of some sort.

For the sake of the clerks we hope that this will be the case. More or less abortive attempts to form Clerks' Unions have to some extent inspired the public with the belief that the employés in British offices have not the same strength of character and same doggedness of purpose as our working classes; that they belong, to quote one of their critics, "to a degenerate race, of which eighty thousand are capable of congregating in order to watch for hours a bevy of lads kicking a bladder of air." We believe such opinions unjustified. If no strong union has been so far established, it is because all attempts in that direction have been on trades union lines. The clerks are too intelligent to quarrel with their own bread and butter. Any action on their part that would bring about confusion in commerce is sure to react unfavourably on their salaries and prospects. Though we cannot deny that a deplorably large number of business men take a base advantage of the intense competition for office situations now prevailing, the clerks should dismiss from their minds any idea of retaliation, and pin their faith to wide and intelligent co-operation. As to the employers, they can

only be coerced by public opinion, and the Press could do much to minimise a national scandal if it reminded them of what a fair-minded Englishman thinks of people who make of the necessities and misfortunes of those whom they should protect an opportunity for hard bargains and extortions amounting almost to blackmailing.

EMPLOYERS AND THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

THE Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897, came into force yesterday; and many employers who have not yet made arrangements to protect themselves against the liabilities imposed upon them will now have to face the question how this protection can best be obtained. The worst advice that could possibly be tendered to them is that which has come from Mr. Chamberlain, who has told them to carry their own risks rather than pay the premiums that the insurance companies are asking. Mr. Chamberlain may honestly believe that the insurance officials, whose business it is to compile rates of premium, who have studied with the greatest of care all the data available for the purpose, and who know that if their conclusions are wrong their business will suffer, are hopelessly and entirely mistaken. But the average man will think that an error of this magnitude on the part of the officials of all the principal accident offices in the kingdom is scarcely likely. They will be disposed to imagine that the mistake has been made by Mr. Chamberlain himself, who, by the passing of the Act, has imposed upon employers the most onerous liabilities, and that he prefers not to recognise the heavy tax that he has placed upon them.

The new Act differs from previous legislation in several important respects. Carelessness on the part of the workman no longer exempts the employer from compensating him, while the payments for disablement may continue throughout the whole after lifetime of his injured employee. In cases where accidents are likely to happen on a large scale, as in collieries, mines and quarries, the compensation payable under the Act might involve the complete ruin of even a wealthy firm as the result of an accident which might take place at any moment in spite of the utmost precaution. That employers should subject themselves to such a risk is imprudent in the extreme, and in regard to employers of almost every kind it can scarcely be doubted that their credit would be appreciably impaired if it were known that they were themselves running the risk of having to pay the heavy claims for disablement or death to which the Act makes them liable.

There are practically only two things a sensible employer can do. He must either cover the risk by a policy in a sound insurance office, or he must combine with other employers in some mutual scheme of insurance. Considering the long continuance that compensation claims may in some cases involve, it is essential to see that any scheme which is to provide adequate protection must be sure of continued existence on a sound basis. This is scarcely possible with any combination of employers. There are many causes tending to disruption, few causes tending to cohesion. We have had examples in other fields of insurance of many abortive attempts to form mutual combinations, and the history of fire insurance abounds in schemes of this sort, proposed by influential people, which have failed to come off, or have speedily and ignominiously collapsed. The same record of abortive effort and early failure is sure to characterise similar schemes for insurance against employers' liability. Hence the only remedy for the liabilities imposed by the new Act is to take a policy in some sound and well-established insurance office. Many such offices exist, and for certain purposes a combination has just been formed among four of the oldest and wealthiest insurance institutions in the kingdom to provide a joint guarantee against claims arising under the Act in collieries, mines and quarries. The Guardian, the Law Union and Crown, the Rock, and the Sun Life have joined forces for this purpose. Together they possess paid-up capital exceeding 2½ millions, an annual income of 2½ millions, uncalled capital of nearly £4,000,000, and total assets of £16,000,000. The youngest of these offices has been

in existence for seventy years, and in combination they show a financial strength and an assured permanence that is beyond all question or rivalry.

These four companies, recognising the heavy claims that might result from a catastrophe such as inevitably occurs from time to time in collieries, mines and quarries, have made a mutual arrangement for dealing with owners of such properties, in connexion with insurance against employers' liability. In doing so they not only offer the most complete security, but they quote rates of premiums which are subject to a return of premiums to the employers should experience prove that the rates charged are more than adequate for the risks involved. After paying the claims and the cost of settlement they deduct fifteen per cent. of the premiums for expenses of management, ten per cent. for profit for the companies, and five per cent. for the formation of a "Catastrophe" Fund, and return the entire balance to the employers. Both Fire and Accident offices take well over thirty per cent. for expenses of management, and therefore the deduction of fifteen per cent. for this purpose and ten per cent. for profit must be regarded as an extremely moderate deduction for the companies to make.

It is significant that in the form of account issued in order to show how the profit-sharing scheme will be worked, the item "Medical Charges and expenses of litigation, arbitration, and other legal proceedings" is specially mentioned. It shows the expectations of the companies that the interpretation of the Act is full of difficulties and will involve many proceedings at law before its meaning on many points is finally determined. The possibility of expensive litigation should alone be sufficient to convince employers that they cannot undertake to go unprotected against the new liabilities imposed upon them. Several handbooks have already been published on the subject, and a conspicuous feature is the widely divergent views that are held in regard to the interpretation of the Act. Originally intended to minimise litigation it seems to promise an exceptionally heavy crop of expensive legal proceedings. It is suggestive of the step taken in India to secure the suppression of snakes by offering a reward for their capture, when the result was that the ingenious natives set about breeding snakes for the purpose of obtaining rewards. So in the present instance. It was contemplated that litigation would be reduced to a minimum; it is probable that the results of the Act will lead to an enormous amount of legal contention. The one plain thing about it is that the obviously sensible course for the employers is to pay their premiums to a substantial office, so shifting their responsibilities on to other shoulders. By the adoption of a profit-sharing scheme excessive overcharge is impossible, and by selecting offices of high standing, employers may feel quite sure that in accordance with the best insurance practice all honest claims will be liberally dealt with, while the cost of the premiums will be speedily, and even automatically, adjusted to the cost involved.

A MASTERPIECE OF MODERN ART.

IT was a morning in June when I walked up the Champs Elysées on my way to the Salon in the Champs de Mars. The Place of Peace was bathed in white sunlight, and there was something fresh and hopeful in the cool thin air. The gibbering ghosts that at nightfall and in the early dawn crowd about the central fountain and mock the effort of the cleansing waters to wash away the blood-stains, had all vanished, and the little victorias spun about and the people smiled and chattered as if the past and its enthralling life had no existence. Everything was lightsome and gay; nature seemed to have lent man the quickened pulses of her renewed youth. The great white road drew me, and as I walked I saw the shadowy legions winding up the long hill, and the crowds that rushed together behind them were like the waters seething in the wake of a great ship. At the next moment I was admiring the avenue of chestnut trees with their tiny lamps of waxen blossom.

In half an hour I was to see Rodin's statue of Balzac. What would it be like? Rochefort, whose instinct in matters of Art is almost as fine as his vision of Politics is false, had lectured Rodin, and sided with the Society of the Gens de Lettres, who rejected the artist's gift.

His article in the "Intransigent" had ended with the words, "Literature in painting is bad enough, but the whole of the 'Comédie humaine' in one plaster figure is absurd." But was Rochefort to be trusted to criticise Rodin? True, he had bought Goyas when no one cared to look at them, and bronzes of Barye when the sculptor's name was only known to the keeper of the Jardin des Plantes as that of an importunate visitor, who wanted to spend the night as well as the day in studying the great cats. Blake's phrase,—

... "Nor is it possible for thought

A greater than itself to know"

came into my mind and put Rochefort out of it.

After all, our own wonderful critic D. S. M. had praised Rodin's work without, however, describing it. Perhaps I was to have a new artistic sensation and my steps quickened. How I got to the Salon I do not know; it surely was not I who put down a coin and asked the way; yet here I was passing swiftly through a forest of marble figures with dry throat and leaping heart. For there IT stood at the far end, and my excitement was so great that I could not face the hope that sprang to life in me as I peered at IT furtively with myopic eyes. I stopped before Rodin's *Baiser*: that I had seen before, three years before in the sculptor's studio. But the impression was the old one: the figures are wonderfully modelled; the muscles on the shoulders of the man are knotted and gnarled like oak-tree roots and the great tendon of the leg is strained till the strands begin to separate as the strands of a cable strained to the bursting. And the woman's figure is even finer in its lovely curves of swooning abandonment. "All our modern literature," said Ste. Beuve, "is sensual," and he might have added, "all our art too." But sensuality here, as in life, has its compensation in a passion of tenderness. Notice how the man's hand only dares to touch the tender flesh and how his arm supports her head and neck. The thing is a masterpiece; but it does not satisfy me as a masterpiece should, and by patient looking I find the reason. The contrast between the man's form and the woman's is fine, but the attitude does not bring out the higher characteristics and beauties of the man's figure as it should. The attitude is conceived in a passion of admiration for the woman's figure and that is superbly and characteristically rendered; but the man's figure is of necessity huddled and dwarfed. I should prefer to see the woman's figure alone and receive from it the single imperious impression. After all, the kiss is the life of woman but not of man. With a lingering glance of admiration I turn to the Balzac and approach it from the front as it is meant to be approached.

The first impression made upon me is that of an extraordinary grotesque, a something monstrous and superhuman. Under the old dressing-gown, with its empty sleeves, the man stands with hands held together in front of him and head thrown back. There is something theatrical in the pose, something uncanny in the head. Yes, uncanny; the jaws are so large that they seem to fall on to the great chest and form a part of it, and then the cavernous hollows of the eyes without eyeballs or sight, and above, the forehead, made narrow by the locks of hair. A grotesque of extraordinary power. The personality of the figure is oppressive: there is in it a passion of labour and achievement, of self-assertion and triumph, which excites fear and antagonism. Here is a Titan who has made a world, and could unmake as well. There is something demoniac in the thing that thrills the blood. But, after all, that is the first impression left on one by the author of "La Comédie Humaine." A mighty workman was Balzac, who wrote forty volumes that have fallen into oblivion and been lost, lost beyond hope of recovery, and then wrote forty more that constitute the greatest dramatic achievement ever produced by one intelligence, except perhaps that of Shakespeare, and then sat coolly down and told the world that he had now learned his art and meant to do extraordinary things, books that should have form as well as meaning, books that—suddenly Death held the restless hands to stillness, and froze the eager brain. Did Rodin mean his work to give this impression?

I moved round the statue, and was struck by the profile. Here the grotesque vanished and the living

face appeared. Seen sideways the statue shows a wonderful likeness to Balzac as he undoubtedly was. True, the moustache curls upwards cynically, but otherwise the face is the face of Balzac himself, with the large jaws and bulbous, scenting nose and eager eyes—a face instinct with a devouring vitality and intelligence.

At length I became aware of Rodin's meaning. Looked at from the front, his statue shows the soul of Balzac, the boundless self-assertion of the great workman, the flaming spirit of one given to labour and triumph. True, there is something theatrical in it, something of conscious pose in the crossed hands and the head thrown backwards; but the pose itself is of the man and characteristic. The profile, on the other hand, is the outward presentment of the man, Balzac in his habit as he lived, the leaping spirit thrallied in "this muddy vesture of decay."

I know that some critics, good critics too, will tell me that this statue, which seen in front, gives, as it were, the soul of Balzac, and, seen sideways, gives his very form and image, is and must be an outrage upon all the canons of art. Did not Sir Joshua Reynolds say that "the attempt to unite contrary excellences (of form, for instance) in a single figure can never escape degenerating into the monstrous but by sinking into the insipid; by taking away its marked character, and weakening its expression." All this theoretic stuff may be right enough and even valuable, but what has it to do with me upon whom this monstrosity, this grotesque, has left a deathless impression. In all the range of plastic art I can compare this statue to nothing save the great figure of Michelangelo, which some speak of as the "Day," and others as the "Morning." It will be remembered that Angelo has left the forehead unhealed, uncouth, but by this trick the rest of the face is plunged into deep shadow, and it looks as if the light of the dawning were on the forehead. Here too is a grotesque with a fullness of meaning not to be reached by ordinary forms. Here again is a divine chance rewarding the workman of genius. "Chance," I call it for it was chance and nothing else that made Angelo finish the lower part of the face first; chance, too, the happy chance that befalls the maker of a hundred busts that gave Rodin this grandiose idea. Here at last is a statue of a great man worthy of the man's genius, and it was rejected naturally enough by the most eminent society of amateurs in France. Right, too: "I came to my own, and my own received me not."

F. H.

JOURNALISM IN THE FAR EAST.

THAT the English Foreign Office is weak and unfortunate in its Far Eastern policy has been amply demonstrated of late by a host of damning proofs. In China our policy has chiefly consisted in tickling the vanity of the "Celestials," and of relying upon their good faith for the excellent things that somehow or other have a habit of always going to our rivals and competitors. In a smaller and much weaker kingdom of Southern Asia, Siam, the same wretched subservience to native "magnificoes," and consequently the sacrifice of British interests, is the distinguishing characteristic of our policy.

Every intelligent person is probably now aware that the Siamese Government, like its big neighbour China, is a farce; that its officialdom is rotten to the core; and that with the exception of a patient peasantry, uncontaminated by city life, the Siamese ruling party and its hangers-on are merely a set of mountebanks grimacing after the European Powers and throwing dust in the eyes of the British public by the medium of official advertisers and an ignorant Press. But the strange thing is, that while the English Foreign Office must be perfectly cognisant of the eccentricities of Siamese rule, of its tendencies to embroil us with a friendly neighbour, and of the danger of tolerating such a hotbed of international mischief, the English Foreign Office refuses to look facts in the face, encourages British illusions, and sacrifices honour and reputation in a vain attempt to keep on its legs this rotten little kingdom. Place a vigorous journalist in command of an independent paper in such a country and under such conditions, and we may predict the result with a fair degree of accuracy. Such a journalist

will either be "converted" to Court views and be profusely decorated and rewarded, or by following the straight and narrow path of honest writing he will be deserted by Downing Street and turned out of the country by the Siamese. Such a case has recently occurred.

For the last seven years a British journalist has ably and vigorously edited an evening paper at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, which represented the united interests of the cosmopolitan community settled in Siam. He has naturally been compelled to criticise adversely the farcical fraud that masquerades as Government in that kingdom. While carrying on his business of publisher and editor the Siamese left no stone unturned, from actions at law to physical violence, to ruin him and suppress his journal, the "Siam Free Press." An editor, as well as a Peking correspondent, lets in too much light upon the dark ways of Oriental diplomacy to be a *persona grata* at an Asiatic Court or a bewildered and blundering Foreign Office.

Now, it is well to explain that an editor in Siam, while carrying on his business in a legitimate manner, is entitled, no less than other British subjects, to that protection which is secured by Treaty to all citizens of every Treaty Power. It is on the faith of this extra-territorial right, as need hardly be said, that in Siam and in other Oriental and semi-civilised States all Europeans carry on their several businesses. An editor in Siam, China or Japan relies, like the rest of his fellow-countrymen, upon this essential right, without which life under a Government like Siam or China would be impossible.

While, however, relying on these treaty rights, the Editor of the "Siam Free Press" was, on 12 March, 1898, suddenly served with a notice of a decree of the King of Siam ordering him to leave the country within seven days. And this extraordinary piece of Oriental impertinence was followed on 19 March by the invasion of his domicile by an armed force of Siamese police, and the forcible expulsion of the British journalist from Siam on the charge of having published in his newspaper seditious articles and unfair criticisms on the King and Siamese Government. No charge, it must be remembered, was brought against this British subject in his Consular Court, to which alone he was amenable, or in any other Court; and, stranger than all, the British Consular Court refused him that protection which it was bound to grant him. By this arbitrary act of the Siamese and British Governments his business was ruined and his career has been materially injured.

Of course this action of the Siamese and British Governments is both illegal and unjustifiable. Neither under the treaty between Great Britain and Siam, nor in the Orders in Council, nor by the usage of nations, can any British subject be handed over to the jurisdiction of a native Government. British subjects are specially exempted from native jurisdiction and placed entirely under the protection of their diplomatic representatives, and in no way whatever are British Consular Agents authorised to free themselves of that protection or jurisdiction. No case has ever occurred in which a British subject has been so abandoned, and no case can be conceived in which such abandonment can be justified. And the notion that a British official, without any action heard or even publicly made, can of his own good pleasure or at the arbitrary command of his Government withdraw protection and allow a British subject to be ruined by a despotic Oriental Government, is monstrous in itself and totally opposed to all principles of the British Constitution as well as of International Law.

J. J. LILLIE.

OTTER-HUNTING.

IT is not easy to understand why otter-hunting is going out of vogue. The usual explanation is not sufficient. It is that the otter is becoming scarce because it is necessary, in the interest of the salmon and the trout, to reduce his tribe. It is said that the otter kills salmon when salmon are to be found, and trout when the larger game is lacking. Some sound naturalists deny that the otter lives mainly on fish; but, whether they are right or they are wrong, it is difficult to see why the beast should be exterminated. It must have a function in "the balance of nature."

Its extinction must upset the balance. I do not quite know what the balance of nature is. Neither does anybody else. That there is such a thing, however, cannot be denied. Hawks do not live without some good end. They slay, it is known, infirm winged game; and it is only natural to suppose that the infirm game are better dead. Crows seem useless creatures; yet they eat grubs which, left alive, would destroy the farmer's seeds. One wonders what the grubs do in the economy of nature. They cannot have been created merely in order to give annoyance to the farmer. Likewise, a wasp is an animal difficult to explain; and what is to be said for the crocodile, no man in town can tell.

Still, there must surely be some use for every bird and beast. Were it not that it pleases men and women to hunt him, the fox would seem unnecessary apart from that hypothesis. He kills game and raids hen-roosts. Beyond that, what we know of him is that he is a very fine beast to hunt. As far as one can see, that is his only use. Nature is red in tooth and claw. Poultry and other fowls minister to the fox's need for food, and the fox ministers to man's liking for the chase. Man has thus a great responsibility. He is feeling it already. In England he has to import foxes from Germany. This week we read of a consignment of ten German foxes to a midland county. That was remarkable news. The hunting instinct of mankind in that shire could hardly be the sufficient cause of a yearning for more foxes in it. It does not explain the whole matter. There is "the balance of nature" to be considered. Mankind should remember, when it is hunting, that in that act it is essentially similar to animals of other species. It is only obeying a universal law of nature, which makes killing a delight. Any one who doubts this is invited to reflect. Has he reason to kill the fox, particularly? Would not the slaughter of an otter be as agreeable? I do not know any sportsman who to this question would say No; yet the fact remains that the fox is preserved and reinforced, while the otter is neglected and tends to disappear from the land.

Now, the otter is much more difficult to kill. To kill the fox, you have but to lay hounds on the trail of him and pursue on horseback. An otter hunt is much more elaborate. It is not in the daytime that the otter wends his way abroad. It is at night that he quits his lair, a drain running into the river. Thus, when he is likely to be forth, which at this time of the year is about midnight, the mouths of all the drains in the neighbourhood have to be veiled with wire netting, so that he may not get in again. In this age of high farming, when drains are many, the preliminary to the chase is no light task. Nor is the chase itself easy, or usually successful. You have to be at the meet soon after dawn; you have to hunt on foot, and be ready to take to the water wherever and whenever that is necessary; and many broken hopes have to be endured. The music of the hounds is constantly arising when there is no other near. The dogs give tongue on the slightest provocation. Fox-hounds are rarely misled by the scent of an animal other than their proper quarry; but otter-hounds become excited and garrulous at any animal scent whatever. I suspect that the cause of many of their false alarms is the trail of a rabbit or of a sheep. It is certain that they will hunt in high excitement over miles of water through which a piece of butcher-meat has been dragged. Still, although the otter-hounds are indiscriminating naturalists, easily deceived, the sport itself is exhilarating. To be out at daybreak, when summer is peacefully waking from its dewy sleep, is consolatory to the sportsman's mind. A poor beast has to be slain, of course; but one is enduring much personal discomfort in order to slay him, and that palliates the twinge of conscience. Seriously, in this matter of sport, conscience, I think, makes sophists of us all. The instinct of the chase is as strong in man as it is in any other animal, and there is no reason for believing that man ought to subdue it. To subdue it were to violate a law of nature, and that would do no good. It is not pleasant to see a cat torturing a bird; nor is it pleasant to think that the fisherman tortures the trout; it is very painful to hear the cry of a

wounded hare. Nevertheless, even as the cat must torture, because it is its nature to, man need not cease to be a sportsman because the Altruist assures us that sport is wicked.

It is not pity for the beasts and birds pursued that moves the Altruist. It is concern for Man himself. Sport is to be reprov'd, says the Altruist, Mr. Herbert Spencer, to-wit, because in blunting the instinct of pity it injures the moral nature of sportsmen, and so tends to arrest the ethical progress of the race. That is not philosophy. It is false thinking. In a world of rapine and prey, all creatures are naturally liable to be slain somehow: men themselves by microbes, just as the trout is by the jack, and the fox by the golden eagle. Sport, it can be shown, is the most humane method of killing. It is in all cases swifter than the methods of civilisation as expounded by the butcher; and I am sure that the Altruist himself would rather be done to death by the well-aimed arrow of a New Hedonist than attacked by the typhoid germ.

The otter which I have never yet killed would, I have no doubt, have suffered much had I been a more expert hunter; but that does not settle any ethical question. There is, indeed, as I have endeavoured to suggest, no ethical question to settle. There is only a question in natural economy. Even as the fox multiplies and replenishes the land because men still hunt him assiduously, the otter is becoming rarer every year because he is not hunted. If there is really any "balance of nature" for a good end, this must be mischievous. It would not be surprising to learn that the decline of the trout in many rivers is due to the decline of the otter. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is quite beyond question that all species of animals flourish exactly in proportion to the interest which their natural enemies take in hunting them.

W. E. H.

BAYREUTH IN BOW STREET.

HAD this article been written immediately after the representation of "The Rhinegold" on Monday night it would have been called "The Bogus Bayreuth," and the writer would have proffered a humble request forthwith to be served with the heads of Messrs. Schulz-Curtius, Mottl, Grau, Higgins and a selection of the band and scene-shifters on a sufficient number of chargers. Of course we are told that many of the best players had been drafted to Windsor for some special function there; but that is no excuse—rather it is an aggravation of the offence. Clearly it was the business of Mr. Schulz-Curtius or Mr. Higgins or Lady de Grey or some one to tell the gentleman who arranges her Majesty's amusements that promises had been made to the mighty British public and could not be broken merely because of a special performance at Windsor. The public was promised the best and it got very far from the best. It was astonishing to me to see Mottl sitting in his conductor's seat apparently quite at ease while the band behaved in a positively disgraceful manner—tumbling to pieces over every difficult passage, never attaining to anything like balance of tone, and occasionally producing noises that threw one into a cold perspiration of horror. It was a nightmare performance. The orchestra was bad, the singers were without exception poor, the scenery and the management of the scenery were past praying for. I had been led to expect something unusually picturesque and convincing in the scene beneath the Rhine; but, as a matter of fact, it only convinced one that one was looking through a number of gauze curtains at some ladies swinging painfully in mid-air on steel wires. The diving scene in the "White Heather" at Drury Lane was infinitely better done. The Walhalla scene also was shabby. Even at Bayreuth they manage to suggest a great castle built in the clouds, blazing in the fiery setting sun. At Covent Garden we could see at the beginning of the scene a pale and washed-out drawing of a suburban villa; afterwards it disappeared in the greater glare of the footlights demanded by the prima donna; and after Donner had split—or had been supposed to split—another obvious curtain, let down to represent clouds, and a picture of a rainbow was stuck up for the gods to walk over, one could not help wondering where they proposed to walk to. There was no

Walhalla visible. In a word, the thing was a fearful disappointment. I thirsted for vengeance on Mr. Blackburn, who, during my wanderings in far lands, had told the readers of the "Saturday Review" how well things were going at Covent Garden. I paid this, my first visit, confident that all the old games were over, that no more stage-managers' bells and whistles would break in upon the music, that we should hear no more shouts and scuffles, suggesting the fighting of two workmen for a piece of scenery, that contains would no longer stick at inopportune moments with the old regularity. Alas! the bells, and shouts and scuffles went on as of yore; clouds began to drop like manna from heaven and stuck and refused, until after much coaxing, either to go up again or further down. And all this, I am told, because the best people had gone to Windsor: the public must suffer, and a part of one of Wagner's masterpieces must suffer, because the best people had gone to Windsor. What, I wonder, would the Queen have said had the Syndicate given as bad a performance at Windsor, excusing themselves on the ground that the best people had been promised for Covent Garden. And I have yet to learn that the Sovereign is of more importance than the people who pay her salary. If the "Rhinegold" cannot be better done than this, why not omit it altogether? In spite of its wealth of picturesque music, it has nothing like the interest of the other dramas of the cycle; it is quite superfluous, explaining, as it does, perfectly simple things at great length, things, moreover, which Wotan explains again in "The Valkyrie" and in "Siegfried." At Bayreuth, where one has nothing else to do, and where the machinery permits of all its pantomime effects being properly done, it is worth while spending a couple of hours on it; but in London, where one has many other things to do, and where there is no stage on which it can be properly done, there seems to me no reason in the world for doing it. At any rate, if it is to be done, let it be done with some pretensions to decency. I am astonished that Mottl endured such a circus as Monday night's affair; and if Mrs. Wagner saw a representation one-half as bad, it is surprising that she made no public protest.

Probably the Windsor conscripts had been sent back to their ordinary duties by Wednesday evening; for then we had a performance of the "Valkyrie" in many respects as superb as could be wished. Being a Covent Garden performance, inevitably there were faults. I have seen better scenery in other years; there has sometimes been less of that perpetual pulling up and down of gauze curtains, as though they were window-blinds; the lighting in the last act was very poor, Wagner's plain directions being set at defiance. Further, all the singers save Eames mouthed their words far too much—for after all the "Valkyrie" is not quite on the level of the transpontine melodrama. Still, we got a real interpretation of the opera; even the worst of singers managed to preserve something of the atmosphere; and the best of them, Eames, Van Dyck and Van Rooy, preserved it all, singing and acting with a purity, nobility and passion that I cannot hope often to hear equalled. When some one told me some months ago that Eames was to play Sieglinde I smiled the smile of the contemptuously sceptical. That Eames is a very perfect singer every one knows; but that she could master Wagner's music and his meaning, and act and sing so as to teach us how the part of Sieglinde should be done, I for one never dreamed. One learnt two things from the feat: first, that the more beautifully Wagner's music is sung the more Wagnerish it sounds, the more vividly it conveys his meaning and emotion; second, that a prima donna may waste part of her life in playing in rubbishy operas without ever becoming or at least showing herself a great operatic artist, and then, by giving the same energy to a great opera, become or show herself a great operatic artist. This achievement of Eames almost reconciles me to the prima donna. I have been for years trying to discover a poison to kill off the whole species, my notion being to take an encore, toast it brown, spread my undiscovered poison on it, leave it on the prompter's box, where the prima donna would certainly find it, eat and retire to her dressing room to expire (I fondly hoped) in ex-

trème agony. Of course, Eames, even at her most prima donna-ish, was never so foolish as most of the tribe; but it is a question now whether many of the ladies whom we have seen struggling to win success by the methods of the ballet girl and the courtesan might not accomplish fine things if they had the sense to try to play Wagner well. The thing mainly needed is the sense; and very few prima donnas have any. The opening scene has perhaps been more finely played: Van Dyck exaggerated a little, Eames had not quite thrown off the opera singer and become Seiglinde, Hunding was preposterously melodramatic. But so soon as the love music began everything went well: we got the whole of the flaming passion that sings through those wondrous melodies, melodies almost Mozartean in their loveliness; here was all the passion of the moonlight spring night in the green forest, the leaves still gleaming with the drops of rain. Even more splendid than this, in quite a different way, was the scene between Brünnhilde and Siegmund in the grey rocky wilderness. After the night of hot passion the chill, dull day of disillusion, of facing the fact. Here the Brünnhilde, Ternina, sang beautifully; here, surely, the most beautiful singing in the world is wanted. I always fancy that here everything should be grey—the rocks, the bushes, the sky—that through the mists Brünnhilde should call Siegfried before he can see her—that everything should be done to add strangeness and a sense of impending tragedy to the scene. Yet perhaps the emotion is intense enough without that, for the situation is one of the most touching, the most poignant in its human appeal, in all drama. In music-drama at least only the last act of "Tristan" compares with it. No more magnificent bit of acting has ever been done than Van Dyck's here. The mere gesture and the glance that he threw at the Valkyrie when she first called him forced one to realise the agony of the scene, compelled one to feel its mystery and terror; and I doubt whether with the best will in the world one could have found a movement or a tone exaggerated in the whole thing. Towards the end Eames sang and acted with perfect beauty and astonishing force. In the last act of the opera Van Rooy's conception of Wotan seemed to grow nobler and more heroic with every bar; his singing gained in breadth and pathos with every phrase; but unfortunately Ternina's idea of Brünnhilde was an utterly wrong one, and she ran the risk of preventing the parting scene making its due effect. It was bad enough when Schumann Heink, as Fricka, the Haus-frau, ordered Wotan about in the second act, but at least one knew that Wagner meant her to be the Haus-frau, the kind of person who reminds one that God created woman lest man should be too happy, for religious purposes, alone in the Garden of Eden. When Brünnhilde plays the Haus-frau she has no excuse; and when Ternina, by imperious gesture, screams and hysterics, compelled Van Rooy to surround her with fire on her fell, she had no excuse. However, her over-acting served to keep one in mind that the hero of the cycle, if not of the "Valkyrie," is Wotan. There are so many minor tragedies constantly thrusting Wotan's out, in spite of Wagner's insistence, by the long monologue in the "Valkyrie," and the Mime and Erda scenes in "Siegfried," that Wotan's is the real tragedy, that one was glad to see it for once insisted on.

If all the representations were as good as the "Valkyrie" there could be no objection even to sham Bayreuth cycles in London. To pretend that they come near the Bayreuth performances in any respect but singing would be ridiculous. The singing is infinitely better, and it is by no means a bad thing to hear Wagner really sung. But if Mr. Schulz-Curtius wants these German performances to hold the English people he must try to have his stage-management at least good enough not to remind us that "Traviata" is given between the "Rhinegold" and the "Valkyrie," and "Faust" between "Siegfried" and the "Dusk of the Gods." That all these quaint things would happen I foretold when details of the scheme were announced. I should like it to be proved that I was utterly wrong; but the result of these pretty fluctuations between German and Italian opera cannot be told until next week.

J. F. R.

"RAGGED ROBIN."

THE Law is not noted for good taste or kindly consideration of human feelings, but at least it does not allow the wife or husband of a prisoner to give evidence, and it is loth to subpoena any of the prisoner's near relatives. But Journalism has none of these wholesome scruples, and regards no table of affinities. I had to attend the first night at Her Majesty's as a dramatic critic, and am expected to write a dramatic criticism of "Ragged Robin." What am I to do? To find one fault with the production would be both impious and impossible: both scandalous and unadvisable would be one word of praise. Nor can I dilate gracefully on Wessex and the early adventures of M. Richepin—have not those subjects been just exhausted by other scribes? Shall I, then, attempting continuity of policy, write of "Ragged Robin" in the manner of my predecessor. I can well imagine that this play, so very romantic and sentimental, would not have done for my predecessor—"the Dook would have had a word to say there." I might try to parody the attack he would have written on French Alexandrines, English adaptations, apple-blossom, dialect, the Vagrancy Act, beer-drinking peasants, holly, miseltoe, and things in general. But the bow of Achilles can be drawn only by Achilles himself, and Thersites, of all men, must not trifle with it. To write my own impressions of "Ragged Robin" I refuse utterly. It would not do. Like little Susanne Laroque, at her father's trial, I can but reiterate "I saw *nothing*! I heard *nothing*!"

MAX.

MONEY MATTERS.

NINETEEN-DAY accounts are regarded with superstitious awe by the Stock Exchange, and, although the one which is just concluded has not been productive of very great evil, its dulness has fully borne out the reputation of its predecessors. The two most serious events of the account have been the virtual default of the Brazilian Government and the bankruptcy of Mr. Hooley. Neither of these events, however, have had much effect. It is the utter lack of business, the absence of any one who wants either to buy or sell, which has provoked brokers and jobbers to loud expressions of dissatisfaction. Many attempts have been made to explain this utter stagnation in the face of cheap and abundant money, but none have been quite successful. The one fact to be noted is that for the moment the public has ceased to speculate, and that since the Stock Exchange lives by speculation its members have been having rather a bad time. Movements during the past account have been quite irregular, but the new one starts with excellent prospects. The American market is still waiting for the great victory which was expected long ago, but in other departments Lord Salisbury's speech has had a good effect and confidence is apparently beginning to be restored.

The action of the Bank of England in lowering its rate from 3 to 2½ per cent. will, however, do much more than Lord Salisbury's speech to restore confidence. Owing to the usual demands for money in the country at the end of the half-year the improvement in the Bank's position, which has been going on for some time past, has not been maintained during the week; but this is quite a normal circumstance, and the Governors on Thursday were evidently convinced that the political horizon is quite clear. We anticipated last week the reduction of the Bank rate, and it is almost safe to prophesy that this reduction will be the prelude to a revival of activity in all departments. Although bullion was received from abroad to the amount of £60,000 there was, during the week, a falling off in the reserve at the Bank of England of £888,136 and the proportion of reserve to liabilities fell 0.56 per cent., to 48.69 per cent. More than £200,000 in specie is, however, expected almost immediately to arrive at the Bank from the East. Outside discount rates have now fallen as low as 1½ per cent. for three months' fine bills.

Home Rails immediately benefited by the reduction of the Bank rate. Changes in this department during

the past account were extremely irregular. The greatest improvement was in South Eastern and London Chatham and Dover stocks, the Second Preference stock of the latter Company having risen as much as 6½. Great Western and North Eastern both made up 1½ higher, but South Western Deferred, Great Central 1894, Ordinary and Deferred, Great Northern "A," and Metropolitans were all marked down appreciably. Since Monday, however, there have been some recoveries, and the general aspect of this market is firm.

The improvement in South Easterns and Chathams is, of course, due to the scheme for joint working which is now officially announced to have been agreed upon. Competition on the Southern lines has not hitherto been productive of much benefit to the public, and it is to be hoped that the régime of co-operation will have a better effect. Henceforward the competitive traffic of the South Eastern and London Chatham and Dover Companies will be conducted in the common interest of the two lines, and the great economy thus effected should eventually benefit the travelling public. Attempts have long been made to effect a working agreement such as that which has now been arranged, but all previous schemes would have required the sanction of Parliament before they could be carried out. The plan now adopted does not need this costly sanction. It does not involve any amalgamation or fusion of the two Companies, but the draft agreement which will shortly be submitted to the shareholders arranges for a joint Committee, chosen from the respective boards of directors, which will organize and direct the joint working of the two systems. It is estimated that £100,000 per annum will be saved by the new arrangement, but it is the South Eastern which stands to benefit most. It will take a long time to restore confidence in Chathams, which have long suffered from the evil effects of one-man rule, and even during the past week, in spite of the scheme for joint working, the Company failed to place a debenture issue of £300,000. From the point of view of the public, the important result to be anticipated is, however, some approach on the part of the Southern lines to the efficiency of the Northern Companies.

YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividend 1897.	Price 29 June.	Yield p. c. s. d.
Great Northern "A"	2½	52	4 6 6
Great Northern Deferred ...	2½	55½	4 1 0
Brighton Deferred.....	7	176½	3 19 2
Midland Deferred	3½	89½	3 15 5
Caledonian Deferred	2½	58½	3 12 4
Great Western	6	166½	3 12 0
North Western	7½	200	3 11 3
North Eastern	6½	179	3 11 2
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5½	146½	3 9 11
Brighton Ordinary.....	6½	187	3 9 6
Great Northern Preferred... 4	119½	3 6 11	
South Eastern Deferred ... 3½	114½	3 7 9	
South Eastern Ordinary ... 4½	152	3 4 11	
Caledonian Ordinary..... 5½	158	3 4 10	
South Western Deferred ... 3	92½	3 4 10	
South Western Ordinary ... 7	225½	3 2 1	
Great Eastern.....	3½	120½	2 17 10
Midland Preferred	2½	87½	2 17 3
Metropolitan	3½	131½	2 17 0
Great Central Preferred ... 1½	66	2 5 5	

American railways declined all along the line during the nineteen-day account, but in view of the very great advance which had previously occurred in this department, such a result is not to be wondered at. The biggest decline was one of 3½ in Baltimore and Ohio Common Stock, followed closely by one of 3¼ in Louisvilles. Southern Preference fell 2½, Norfolk Preference 2½, Union Pacific 1½, and Milwaukee 1½. The reorganization scheme to which we referred at length last week had a good effect on the bond issues of the Baltimore and Ohio line, improvements of from 4 to 8 points being marked in these issues. There has been some improvement since the settlement in American railways generally, but in this market every one is waiting for a decisive victory by the United

States' troops at Santiago. Should this be forthcoming, peace, it is generally thought, will be very much nearer.

COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR SCARE AND NOW.

Railway.	Price 28 January.	Price 29 June.	Differ- ence.
Atchison and Topeka	13½	13½	...
Central Pacific	14	13½	—½
Chicago and Milwaukee ...	99½	101½	+ 2
Denver.....	13½	12½	— 1
Illinois Central	109½	107½	— 2
Louisville.....	58½	53½	— 5
New York Central.....	112½	119½	+ 7
North Pacific Preference ...	68½	71	+ 2½
Pennsylvania	60	59½	— ½
Wabash Preference	19½	19½	+ ½

NET YIELD OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends paid 1897.	Price 29 June..	Yield per cent.
			£ s. d.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. P.	5	101½	4 18 10
Illinois Central	5	107½	4 12 9
Atchison Adjustment	3	69	4 6 11
Pennsylvania (\$50).....	5	59½	4 4 0
Denver Preference	2	51	3 17 3
New York Central.....	4	119½	3 6 11
Southern Preference	1	30½	3 5 6

The account open in the Industrial market proved to be a very small one. Here, as elsewhere, speculation is practically at a standstill, and though this may be a matter of regret for brokers and jobbers it is not wholly unsatisfactory from the point of view of the public well-being. Changes on the account were generally of small dimensions, the most important being the rise of one point in City of London Electric Lighting Company's shares, at a time when other electric lighting companies have been on the down-grade, and a fall of four points in Welsbach Ordinary, and of 2½ in the Preference. At last the facts to which we have already called attention with regard to Bovril shares seem to be having their effect and a good deal of quiet buying is going on. The Ordinary shares have risen to £1, the Preference to 20s. 9d., and the Deferred to 13s. 6d., and there seems every possibility that the upward movement in these shares will continue.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 29 June.	Yield per cent.
Paquin	10	12½	12 6 1
Bovril Deferred.....	5	18	7 5 5
Do. Ordinary	7	1	7 0 0
Linotype Deferred (£5) ..	9	7½	6 4 3
Mazawattee Tea	8	1	5 16 4
Linotype Ordinary (£5) ..	6	5½	5 11 7
National Telephone (£5) ..	6	5½	5 9 1
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 (1)	1½	5 6 8
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	2½	5 6 8
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7½	15	5 0 0
Spiers & Pond (£10) ..	10	20½	4 17 6
Bryant & May (£5) ...	17½	18½	4 13 4
Jay's	7½	1	4 12 3
Eley Brothers (£10) ...	17½	38	4 12 1
Jones & Higgins	9½	2½	4 12 1
Harrod's Stores	20	4½	4 11 5
Swan & Edgar	5	1	4 8 10
J. & P. Coats (£10) ...	20	60½	3 6 1

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

On 11 June, 1898, in the course of an article on Life Assurance Developments, we referred to the General Life Assurance Company, and stated that the shareholders are entitled to four-fifths of the surplus from the participating branch of the business. This is an obvious slip, the shareholders being entitled to one-fifth and the participating policy-holders to four-fifths of this surplus. We regret that this mistake should have occurred, especially as on at least one occasion the shareholders did not exercise their right to its full extent, so giving to the policy-holders a larger benefit.

than they are strictly entitled to under the Company's regulations.

Kaffirs were the one bright spot of the nineteen-day account, and the better-class descriptions showed an appreciable improvement all round. Now it would seem as if the public had realised the important truth that the welfare of the Rand does not wholly depend on the granting of concessions to the mining industry by President Kruger. The economies which have been effected in the working of the mines are of quite equal, if not of greater, importance, and the steady progress of the industry, as shown by the growing dividend list, cannot fail in the end to impress, not the speculator so much as the genuine investor. We have insisted again and again that the gold-mining industry in the Transvaal is unique with respect to the permanence and certainty of its results, and although for several months past the public has held aloof from the South African market, as from all other markets, there is every reason to believe that the period of stagnation in this department is at an end. Since the carry-over last Saturday, there has been a decided activity amongst Kaffirs, and on Thursday the deep levels were especially in request. A strong demand for Robinson Deep shares sprang up, and the price rose to 9½. These shares, as our table shows, are at their present price one of the cheapest descriptions in the market, and the result of the second month's crushing should be to send them considerably higher. De Beers shares have regained some of their previous fall, which was due apparently only to "bear" tactics. The dividend announcement of this great undertaking made on Thursday showed that the pessimistic rumours which have been flying about were wholly without foundation. The dividend of 40 per cent. per annum is the same as that of last year, and the financial position of the Company is stronger than ever. The revenue for the year ending 30 June, 1898, is £3,651,000, and the expenditure £1,458,000. This leaves a gross profit of £2,193,000 for the year. With such a record it is not surprising that De Beers shares are favourites with investors all over the world.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 29 June.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Rietfontein A.....	35	1½	30	18
Van Ryn	40	1½	12	17
Comet	50	2½	18	15
Henry Nourse (¹)	150	10½	12	12
Pioneer (²)	500	10	1	11
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	1½	6	11
Glencairn	35	2	11	10
Ferreira	350	25½	17	10
Ginsberg	50	2½	8	9
Crown Reef (³)	200	13½	8	7
Jumpers (⁴)	80	5½	8	7½
Primrose	60	3½	10	8
Meyer and Charlton	70	3	10	9
Treasury (⁵).....	12½	3½	13	7
Robinson (⁷)	20	8	16	7½
Roo-de-poort United ...	50	3½	15	8
Wemmer.....	150	10½	10	6
City and Suburban (⁶) ..	15	5½	17	5½
Heriot	100	7½	12	6
Wolhuter (⁸)	10	5½	40	6
May Consolidated	35	2½	9	5
Angelo.....	75	5½	8(⁸)	2½
Princess	15	1½	20(²)	5
Geldenhuis Estate.....	100	5½	7	4½
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	3	15	4½
Durban Roo-de-poort ...	80	6½	9	3
Jubilee (⁹).....	75	9½	8	2
Worcester	60	2½	4	0

(¹) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. (²) Owns 23 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £5 10s. per share. (³) 51½ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share, and 47 water-right claims. (⁴) 52 D.L. claims, estima-

ted value equivalent to £1 per share. (⁵) 18 D.L. claims, valued at £200,000. (⁶) £4 shares. (⁷) £5 shares. (⁸) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 29 June.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep (¹)	200	9½	20	17½
Durban Deep (²)	50	3½	15	15
*Crown Deep	200	11½	16	12½
*Rose Deep	105	6½	15	12
*Nourse Deep	60	5	43	11
*Bonanza.....	108(³)	4½	5	7
*Village Main Reef (⁴) ...	75	6½	13	8
*Jumpers Deep	40	5	36	6½
*Geldenhuis Deep.....	70(⁵)	7½	23	6
*Simmer and Jack.....	4½(³)	3½(⁵)	30	4
Glen Deep.....	18	2½	25	3
Langlaagte Deep.....	21	2½	15	2

The mines marked thus * are already at work. (¹) Started crushing with 40 stamps on 6 April. (²) Owns 24,000 Roo-de-poort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (³) Calculated on actual profits of working. (⁴) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value £250,000, allowed for in estimate. (⁵) £5 shares.

That an African investment company should have been able to declare a dividend of 12½ per cent. as a result of its operations during the past unpropitious year is an extraordinary achievement, but this the New African Company, Limited, has accomplished. Moreover, the Chairman, Baron Louis de Steiger, at the meeting of the Company on Monday last, was able to make a most satisfactory statement as to the prospects of the Company. With an issued capital of £20,000 the Company has liquid assets amounting to more than £150,000, in addition to its investments in gold-mining shares and its holding of 200,000 fully-paid shares in the Oceana Consolidated Company. The profits for the past year amounted to more than £26,000, and of this the dividend of 12½ per cent. absorbed £25,000. The New African Company has also a large holding in the Van Ryn Company, which, under the management of Mr. Albu, is now achieving such excellent results. Great difficulties have been experienced in the past in working this mine, but now month by month it is yielding constantly increasing profits. The Oceana Consolidated Company, in which the New African Company is so largely interested, is also well on the way towards a great future. As Africa is opened up to the commerce of the world, the Company's territorial interests in the Transvaal, the Mozambique territory, and the Congo Free State must rapidly increase in value. The Oceana Company is largely interested in the Mozambique Company, to whose success we have often called the attention of our readers, and of only less importance is its holding in the Compagnie du Katanga, which has a charter covering an area equal to more than three-quarters that of France. The success of the Katanga Company is shown by the fact that its shares are quoted on the Brussels Bourse at a premium of nearly 300 per cent.

THE TATI BLUEJACKET SYNDICATE.

THE directors of the Tati Bluejacket Syndicate, Mr. T. M. Thackthwaite, chairman, Mr. Daniel Francis, Mr. W. S. Lockhart, Mr. A. Robertson Steele and Mr. Samuel Stuttaford, considered that certain questions which we asked them in our issue of 1 January last reflected seriously upon their characters, and they commenced proceedings against the printers and the publisher of the "Saturday Review" for libel, claiming damages amounting to £25,000. Three of the directors are absent in South Africa, and did not think it necessary to return to England to defend the characters upon which they had placed such an extraordinary price. The Chairman of the Syndicate, Mr. T. M. Thackthwaite, was in England five days before the date of the trial, but on an affidavit stating that he was sailing for South Africa, on 15 June, the Court ordered him to be examined before

an Official Examiner. His examination took place on Friday, 17 June, and he admitted in the course of cross-examination that he was going to France on the following day, and would not sail for South Africa until Saturday, 25 June. The business which took him to France was, he declared, of a private character, and he refused to state its nature, nor could he alter his arrangements in order to be present at the trial of the action, which in consequence of the disappearance of a large number of causes from the list was certain to take place in the course of the following week. As a matter of fact the case was in the paper on Tuesday, 21 June; it came on for trial on Wednesday, 22 June, and Mr. Thackthwaite, if he carried out his announced intention, sailed for South Africa from Southampton on the following Saturday, 25 June. The result was, however, that only one of the five directors who claimed £25,000 worth of damage to their characters would have confronted the jury. Company directors have notoriously a lordly disregard for money, and £25,000 was as nothing compared with the interests which detained three of the plaintiffs in South Africa or the private business which so imperatively called the Chairman of the Syndicate to France. That business, Mr. Thackthwaite declared, was "of more importance" to him than the action. In the course of Mr. Thackthwaite's examination we discovered that we had been misinformed with regard to certain matters of fact, and in view of the present state of the law of libel, no course was left us but to withdraw any imputations which might be supposed to be contained in the paragraph complained of. A few moments, therefore, before the action would have been called for trial in Mr. Justice Grantham's Court, Mr. Carson, Q.C., on behalf of the "Saturday Review," apologised in another court for the paragraph, and on our agreeing to pay the plaintiffs' costs as between solicitor and client the claim for £25,000 was abandoned and the case was settled. These terms, we may mention in passing, were considerably less onerous than those which had already been proposed to us as a basis of settlement.

It is necessary, however, in the public interest that the exact facts with regard to the position of the Tati Bluejacket Syndicate should be made known. In the first place, at the time our previous observations were made it was apparently not true that the directors of the Syndicate contemplated "putting forward a new enterprise for public subscription shortly." Mr. Thackthwaite strenuously denied that they had had any intention of promoting any subsidiary company. They had, in fact, so far as he knew, never appealed to the public for subscriptions. If they wanted more capital they would appeal to their own shareholders, as they had done before. How it happens that the shareholders of the Tati Bluejacket Syndicate are not a part of the public he did not explain. The Syndicate has already twice increased its capital. It was formed in 1893 with a capital of £20,000 to take over certain concessions for which only £500 in shares was paid to Mr. Daniel Francis, one of the present directors of the Syndicate, who, to judge from the price paid, does not seem to have held a very high opinion of the value of the concessions acquired. In March 1895 the capital was raised to £60,000, 10,000 shares being allotted to the shareholders at par, and 30,000 being issued at a premium of 10s. per share. In 1894 the number of shareholders in the Syndicate was under 30; in 1895, after the issue of fresh capital, it had risen to about 170. Perhaps Mr. Thackthwaite will one day explain how this fact squares with his declaration that the Syndicate had never appealed to the public for subscriptions. If his statement is correct it is clear that the 30 original shareholders must have taken up the whole of the 40,000 shares and then have sold them to the 145 new shareholders apparently during the boom of 1895. But this is not all. In February 1896 the capital of the Syndicate was further increased to £120,000: 20,000 of the new shares being issued to the shareholders at a premium of £1 per share, and 12,000 fully paid shares and £13,000 in cash being handed over to the Tati Concessions, Limited, of which Mr. Thackthwaite and Mr. Daniel Francis are also directors, to extinguish certain rights. The Tati Concessions, Limited, cannot therefore be said to have lost money by the Tati Bluejacket flotation, and

it is certain that the Directors of the Syndicate, which has never paid a sixpence in dividends, have never shown any valid reason why the shares should have been issued at so monstrous a premium.

That the Tati Bluejacket Syndicate will have to raise more money shortly scarcely admits of doubt. On 30 June last year the balance-sheet showed that of the money it has received only £22,000 in cash remained. It is at present engaged in developing one of its properties, the Durham Mine, concerning which the manager of the syndicate at Tati reported last December that it would require £12,000 to £15,000 "to bring it into a payable condition or to prove it to be payable or otherwise." Some £24,000 has already been spent on opening up and developing other mines, none of which have as yet turned out to be payable properties, and the profit and loss account showed in 1896 a loss on working of £6020 and in 1897 of £6251. At this rate the £22,000 of working capital which remained a year ago must be rapidly vanishing, nor can the machinery which figures in the balance-sheet at £26,000 be a very valuable asset. Mr. Thackthwaite says that the Syndicate intends to sell a part of it, but since it has been lying useless on the property for some three years past it is not likely to fetch much in the open market. No wonder Mr. Thackthwaite was careful enough to say that "the £22,000 available for the purposes of the Syndicate might last three years or less." But there are still 28,000 reserve shares which were not issued when the capital of the Syndicate was last increased, and perhaps Mr. Thackthwaite had these in his mind when he declared that they did not contemplate asking the public for more capital, and in fact that they did not want any more capital just yet. The reserve shares can be issued to the shareholders as before, with the important difference, however, that in 1896 they cost the shareholders who applied for them £2 apiece. Since the shares of the Tati Bluejacket Syndicate are now quoted in the market at 10s. each and have recently been sold at that price, when the reserve shares come to be issued they are not likely to command a premium, and we doubt very much after the revelations we have made concerning the position of the Syndicate's affairs whether the shareholders will be exactly eager to subscribe for them at all. They will realise that an undertaking which has already spent over £80,000 in hard cash, and is not yet certain whether it has a payable gold mine upon its property, does not offer any great prospects of future success. On the question whether the Durham mine is likely to prove payable we hope shortly to be able to give our readers special and interesting information.

With regard to the questions asked in the paragraph complained of, we need only say that Mr. Thackthwaite answered the first in the affirmative. Mr. H. A. Piper, "a well-known and competent engineer," was employed as an expert to report upon the property. It is true also, Mr. Thackthwaite admitted, that he made an unfavourable report. But it was not true, he said, that the directors promptly "dispensed with the services of so honest a critic." Mr. Piper examined and reported unfavourably on two of the properties which had been worked by a former manager. When he had done this they had no occasion to employ him again, and as a matter of fact they did not employ him again to report on any other of their properties. Nor was it true that they appointed "a comparatively inexperienced man to obtain a favourable report." A year after Mr. Piper's report—that is, in September 1896—they appointed as manager of their properties at Tati, Mr. E. T. Temby, who had previously held a post under the manager of the Violet Consolidated Mine in the Transvaal, and some three months after he was appointed he made a report upon the various properties which Mr. Thackthwaite admitted was "more favourable than the one made by Piper." The directors are now "steadily developing" the Durham mine, which Mr. Piper did not examine, but concerning which Mr. Temby reported favourably. The directors have, it is clear, great confidence in their managers on the spot in South Africa. On the strength of favourable reports by a former manager they ordered a great quantity of machinery which was unnecessary. Much of this was sent out to South Africa and has been lying useless on the property ever since. The contracts for the rest

were cancelled at a cost to the Syndicate of £3000. It was in consequence of these reports by the former manager that Mr. Piper was engaged to report on the properties, and it seems to us that the directors would have given proof of a capacity to profit by experience if they had ordered an expert examination of all their properties to be made similar to the one made by Mr. Piper of two of their properties, before spending large sums on the development of any of their claims on the report of their new manager.

But directors are slow to learn by their experience. Mr. Thackthwaite, the Chairman of the Syndicate, ought to have had a great deal of experience, for he stated in his examination that he had no other business in the City of London save that of a Company Director. Mr. Thackthwaite was in fact a director of the Bamboo Queen and Reward Mine, a Westralian venture, two and a half years old, which has paid no dividends. He was Chairman of the Ashbourne Gold Mine, a company at present in liquidation. He is a director of the Mexico City Property Syndicate, which has paid no dividends. It holds, said Mr. Thackthwaite, very valuable property, and will sell when he and his co-directors can get their price. There are many companies and financiers in the same position. If they could get their own price for their holdings they would be prosperous indeed. He is also Chairman of the New Julia Nitrate Company, which has paid no dividend. It has good prospects, says Mr. Thackthwaite, if only it could get more capital. He is also a director of the Premier Tati Monarch Company, which has paid no dividends. The utmost Mr. Thackthwaite could say of the Company is that it has started crushing and is "paying expenses," though the correctness of even this modest claim we venture to doubt. He is also a director of the Tati Concessions, which has never paid a dividend, and is not likely to pay one, since the railway to Buluwayo has removed its main source of income, which was its monopoly as a half-way house on the way to Rhodesia. One Company, the Santa Luisa Nitrate Company, of which he was once a director, but which is now merged into another Company, did pay a dividend, and the Anglo-Chilian Nitrate Company, of which he was also a director, now pays a dividend, but apparently did not whilst he was a member of the Board. The Tati Bluejacket Syndicate can scarcely boast of a Chairman with such a record. But he has now gone to South Africa to gain more experience. He has never been in South Africa before, and explained, in the course of examination, that his knowledge of gold-mining had all been gained in the City of London. With such a Chairman it is not surprising that the Board places great confidence in its managers in South Africa. What does surprise us is that the shareholders have hitherto seemed to place such great confidence in a Board of which Mr. Thackthwaite is the Chairman.

NEW ISSUES.

ASSOCIATED GOLD MINES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia evidently intends to rival the British American Corporation. With a capital of £500,000 in £1 shares it proposes to acquire ninety-six mining claims in British Columbia and to carry on a general trading and financial business. The mines to be acquired are said to be all valuable, of course, and they are moreover, it is stated, to be purchased under exceptionally favourable conditions. Many of the properties are said to be already so far developed as to be ready for flotation as subsidiary companies immediately. The price to be paid for the whole is £375,000, payable as to £200,000 in shares and the balance in cash or in cash and shares. The present issue is of £405,000, 205,000 shares being offered for subscription at par and 95,000 being held in reserve. Provision is thus made for a total working capital of £125,000, £30,000 being immediately available. The Chairman of the Board is Sir William des Voeux, formerly Governor of Newfoundland, and the Consulting Mining Engineer is W. Pellew Harvey, Esq., F.C.S. The venture is, in the nature of things, extremely speculative.

KING & MORTIMER, LIMITED.

King & Mortimer, Limited, is issued with a capital of £160,000. The public is asked to subscribe for 14,000 Preference shares and the debentures, but is not likely to do so until the meagre information of the prospectus is supplemented by more definite statements. The Company is formed to acquire businesses and business premises, either in London or the provinces, as favourable opportunities occur, with a view to their further development as central stores. No fuller particulars, however, are forthcoming, except that the Company, as a commencement, has purchased the businesses of Mr. King, in South Kensington, and Mr. Mortimer, in Fulham. The total purchase price of these properties will not exceed £60,000, and the vendors agree to take £50,000 of the Ordinary shares as part payment of the purchase consideration.

THE CONTINENTAL SPARKLETS COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Continental Sparklets Company makes its appearance with a share capital of £240,000, divided into 120,000 seven per cent. non-cumulative Preference shares and 120,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. It proposes to pay £170,000 for certain patents. The aerators, or "sparklets," it seems, are small steel capsules containing pure carbonic acid gas, which, when used in connexion with a particular kind of bottle and stopper, enable water, or any other beverage, to be readily aerated. It is claimed that a box containing ten of the "sparklets" can easily be carried in the waistcoat pocket, so that aerated water can be readily made by any one, whether out of doors or at home. The promoters of this enterprise would have shown more faith in the value of the patent if they had first proved by actual working that profits commensurable with the price asked for it could be earned.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. N. SAMSON (Highbury).—We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of our former information. The company is meeting with great opposition from certain speculators in Australia who have rival schemes to push, and there has been a good deal of bear selling of the shares from this quarter. We should advise you to hold on, and even to average by a further purchase at the present low price, though it may be some months yet before any decided upward movement takes place.

REX (Bradford).—(1) Hold; both the Ordinary and Preference shares are likely to command a premium eventually. At the present time the market for this class of shares is in a very weak condition. (2) No movement is probable in these shares until a first dividend is paid. (3) We do not advise a purchase of the Ordinary shares at the present high price; the Preference shares are a good investment at the present price.

CYMRO (Biggleswade).—The falling off in the profits of Rietfontein "A" during the past few months is due to the scarcity of native labour. As the reef on this property, though rich, is very narrow, all stoping work has to be done by hand. Probably, also, it has not been possible to sort the ore as closely as before for the same reason. The Company has, however, just declared an interim dividend of 15 per cent., and with any revival in the South African Market we anticipate a considerable rise in the value of the shares.

M. K. (Cambridge).—We have no recent information with regard to the position of the Company, but the shares seem worth holding for a further rise.

ERIGENA (Dublin).—Hold your Henry Nourse shares. They will probably go still higher as the African market improves in tone.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT PROPRIETY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There are but few educated men and women in this country who will not entirely approve of the spirit of the admirable article upon the Bedfordshire prosecution which appeared in your issue of 25 June. Every intelligent parent and teacher recognises the urgent necessity for the inquiry which Mr. Havelock Ellis has undertaken in his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and I have yet to meet the thoughtful man or woman who approves of the attack upon the first volume of that series. The prosecution is one of the most extraordinary on record. If the seller of Mr. Ellis's scientific work of research is to be condemned, then all book-sellers throughout England are in danger of arrest whenever they sell a book which gravely and cleanly

inquires into the psychic phenomena of sex, and a whole library of medical treatises are indictable. I note in the article "Saint Propriety" that Mr. Bedborough is described as the "publisher" of the book. He is merely one of the booksellers who have sold the volume, the publishers being the University Press, Watford. It is also incorrect to refer to the book as popular, as it was the author's express desire that it should be sold judiciously, and only to adults. The scientific tone, the technical terminology, and the price of the treatise preclude its popularity in the ordinary sense. It is a book for the educated and the earnest-minded.

A Free Press Defence Committee, containing many eminent names, has been formed to defend the prosecuted vendor of the book, and to maintain that liberty of discussion which is the very soul of morality. The members of the committee are making appeal to the public to assist with money and influence in the protection of the imperilled right of free, wholesome inquiry into sexual subjects of the deepest importance. Letters expressing surprise and sympathy are being sent to Mr. Havelock Ellis from well-known physicians, literary men and journalists, and help is coming from men and women of every shade of opinion. But more money and more support from the Press is needed. The matter of the prosecution should be thoroughly ventilated, for the principle at issue is of tremendous moment. It is encouraging to find that the "Saturday Review" gives publicity to the case, and I trust that the manifesto issued by the Defence Committee will induce the public to rally round Mr. Ellis and the prosecuted seller of his valuable work.—I am, faithfully yours,

GEOFFREY MORTIMER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I was glad to see your article dealing so ably with the subject of the prosecution of a London bookseller. As a medical man I have read the book in question with real thankfulness for the information contained therein, and for the author's careful treatment of the subject. It is thirty years since I read Casper's well-known medico-legal work dealing with portions of the subject-matter; I am also acquainted with Kraft-Ebing's book, but I am impressed with the great advance made by Mr. Havelock Ellis in his treatment and standpoint. The difficult problems of sex are skillfully arranged by this author into a group which brings them nearer to the methods of the botanist and zoologist, already well recognised, whilst this important subject, affecting the welfare of the race at so many points, has only received fragmentary scientific attention. The community owes a deeper debt of gratitude to the author of this work than may be apparent in the present generation.

Your article contains a few statements which are not quite accurate. In the first place it is a bookseller and not the publisher who is proceeded against. In the second place the book is not intended to popularise the subject, but—as evidenced by method of publication, technicality and price—it is a book for limited sale, although not restricted to doctors, but open to all real and earnest students of psychology. These facts, however, only add strength to your argument.—I am, yours faithfully,

MEDICUS.

[We are glad of the general agreement of "Medicus," but our article was, in one point, gravely misunderstood by him if he believes us to have made the cost of the book a point in the defence. If knowledge be good, it is good at a penny or at a guinea; if a student be serious, we do not demand that he should be rich.—ED.]

THE TRADE IN BIRD-SKINS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of 11 June there is a letter on the subject of "Trade in Bird Skins," in which the writer tells us that "it is only one woman in a hundred who has the courage to discountenance the cruel practice of bird decoration." All bird-lovers will hope, with me, that the proportion is greater than that, but what I specially wish to draw attention to is the remainder of the sentence—"it is useless to argue with the remaining ninety-nine." Is it? That ninety-nine women out of a hundred are the slaves of fashion cannot, I am afraid,

be denied; but woman is, taken as a whole, not a heartless creature, and very many of them do not in the least realise their cruelty when they allow their heads to be decorated with the feathers, tails, and heads of birds. Mr. Collinson cannot possibly feel more strongly on the subject than I do, but is he right in saying that nothing can be done? Of course, privately one tries by remonstrance with friends and acquaintances to do something towards stopping the ruthless slaughter of birds, but surely much more could be done if even the few women who deprecate this cruel practice would band themselves together to convert their sisters. How this could best be done it is difficult to say. Will some one make a suggestion? I enclose my card.—Yours faithfully,

A WOMAN WHO LOVES BIRDS.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your article on "Our Food Supply" of 25 June I notice that your writer shares with the Socialists of Trafalgar Square the idea that the production of wheat in England can easily be largely increased. This can only be done except with a very heavy duty on foreign corn by commercially ruining the country. At present the whole efficient labouring population is well employed at higher wages than agriculture can afford, and only commercial ruin will send the labourer from towns where he can get 25s. a week to work on the farms for 12s. or 14s. The true answer to the writer's argument is, that as a nation it pays us better to employ our population in highly-paid manufactures and to employ the foreigner who has not the same commercial advantages to grow wheat for us at a low price. The war part of the argument is of course a different matter, but any steps artificially to increase production or to store wheat would be greatly more expensive than Mr. Williams appears to think.—Yours faithfully,

F. B. HASLAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

150 Denmark Hill, S.E.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of 11 June, in which Mr. Frederic W. Tugman refers to my article on "Our Food Supply" in the June number of the "Nineteenth Century." Mr. Tugman says "The 'Nineteenth Century' views have a strong flavour of the syndicate about them," and "the idea of granaries should not have been entertained while the fact remains that the quantity could be produced from our own ground at home lying idle." Will you allow me to repudiate Mr. Tugman's insinuation that there is the remotest idea on my part, or on the part of any of the gentlemen mentioned in my article, of any syndicate in connexion with this food supply question. All we ask for is a Government inquiry into the whole question.

Mr. Tugman thinks the proper thing would be for this country to grow its own wheat "on our ground at home lying idle." Of course it would be, if it were possible, and I have as much right to insinuate that Mr. Tugman's plan has a strong flavour of the syndicate about it as he has to say so of mine—and that is none at all. I have no objection to fair criticism, but would Mr. Tugman consider it fair if I said it looked as if he was connected with some proposed syndicate for buying up idle land to grow wheat on, simply because he advocates that method of obtaining a food supply?

R. B. MARSTON.

THE SIERRA LEONE REBELLION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The latest advices from Sierra Leone give details of the shocking atrocities committed by the rebellious natives on missionaries, traders, and others, white and black, which are alleged to be worse than the Benin massacre of eighteen months ago; but, excepting in the local newspapers, no reference is made to the unprovoked outrages of the Frontier Police on unoffending natives, which caused such terrible retaliation, entailing the utter devastation of the country, the complete stoppage of trade, and the destruction of the crops and of the kola trees, on the produce from which so many depended. The natives are alleged to have shown no mercy; but what mercy was shown to them

when they resisted the cruel methods in which the collection of the hateful tax was carried out? The traders and others who were not fortunate enough to escape were, in many instances, cruelly tortured before being put to death. A landing party from H.M.S. "Blonde" recently discovered at Shedro the corpses of two Europeans in a hut, with their throats cut, but who were not identified. The outlook is said to be still very serious, and there is a very general belief that many facts are being systematically suppressed.

The appointment of Sir David Chalmers as Special Commissioner is regarded with considerable dissatisfaction by the Chambers of Commerce and Merchants, as he is not credited with being sufficiently strong for the position, which, it was hoped, would have been filled by Sir John Kirk, to whom it is said to have been offered in the first instance, but declined. Is it too late for Mr. Chamberlain to re-consider the matter? Nothing short of a thoroughly impartial and independent investigation of all the circumstances preceding and following the outbreak will satisfy either the merchants interested or the public at large.

From Accra it is reported that a Peace Preservation Ordinance has been passed, and many natives deprived of their weapons, as a rising against the hut tax is feared in that district; but it would be far wiser and better to suspend the tax, or to rescind it altogether, in view of the lesson taught by the recent deplorable events in Sierra Leone, a repetition of which in the Gold Coast would simply be disastrous. Surely the Secretary of State must ere this have realised the unwisdom of listening to the representations of shortsighted local officials. The Land Ordinance is to be left in abeyance pending the arrival in England of the deputation of kings and chiefs to protest against it as an act of unjustifiable confiscation.—Yours, &c.,

ANGLO-AFRICAN.

WILD HYACINTHS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am sorry your contributor, "H," speaks of wild hyacinths as bluebells, for surely we ought to preserve as far as possible the old names of flowers, especially when they have been hallowed by poetic use, and there can be no doubt that our forefathers called wild hyacinths harebells. They are the "harebells dim" of "The Two Noble Kinsmen"; it was to them that the veins of Fidele were likened; it is of them that William Brown says that they should be worn "by none but those who are true"; and the most conservative in spirit of our modern poets sings,—

"Touched by the zephyr, dances the harebell,
Cuckoo sits somewhere singing so loud."

Gerard gives the name harebells, or hares bells (he has both forms), to what he call *Hyacinthus Anglicus* and Dodoen's *Hyacinthus non Scriptus*, and there can be little doubt that the name was given to them because the dells and copses in which "Wild clustered knots of Harebells grew" were supposed to be specially frequented by hares.—Yours, &c.,

C. C. B.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your strictures in regard to America provoke comment. I trust you will pardon my writing as I do, for I count myself among your most appreciative readers. In respect to this country you are like the Populist trustee at the recent commencement of the Missouri State University, who, upon viewing the British flag alongside the American colours decorating the hall, declared he would tear the emblem down with his own hands were it not removed, and that, at once. Asked the reason of his rage, he replied that a free American College was no place for the flag of a nation of "Gold-bug capitalists." It was a case of ignorance and dislike.

The American people, as a whole, should be as little judged, it strikes me, by the cries of a "Populist" as the Church of England, for example, by the eloquence of Father Ignatius.

It is quite evident you do not like us, and you will not know us—you therefore revile us, an attitude quite unlike the judicial temper of our common English blood. There are those of us here proud of our Anglo-Saxon

lineage, and happy that, from a war to be deplored on many points, there should yet spring an entente between our own land and our mother-country—a country to which we owe the best of our customs and institutions.

While possibly of merely sentimental value, it is a condition of mind perhaps to be preferred to the attitude of the Populist on the one side, and of the "Saturday Review" (I regret to say) on the other.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully.

H. L. CHASE.

ARMOUR VIRUM QUE CANO!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Ernest Williams' exposure of the fallacy of Free Trade, in your issue of the 25th ultimo, carries conviction to every candid mind. So far as wheat is concerned, the Free Trade theory of robbing one class to benefit others is hoist with its own petard. It is a sum in simple arithmetic. Messrs. Armour and Leiter are putting into their pockets the five shillings a quarter which our Exchequer ought to receive in duty. Clap on the duty and the pockets of the great corner-men will be depleted.

It amounts to a bitter satire on our political selfishness that these mammoth dealers of Chicago should prove accidentally the best friends of England. The stimulus to our agriculture—a prime source of national wealth—afforded by the fictitious rise in wheat has converted these clever men into national benefactors. For myself, I cannot thank Mr. Armour too heartily for having come to Mr. Leiter's rescue when the latter's corner caved in. If the quarter loaf rose to 8d., the only sufferers would be those horse-leeches, the brewers and distillers. The proletariat would have less to spend in liquid poison; but, by the enhancement of national produce, the whole nation would be enriched. Mr. Armour deserves a statue in Parliament Square!

All the same, that five shillings a quarter might just as well go towards reducing the income tax or the heavy rates that fall like a dead weight on English agriculture. It will not be so. The country is infatuated, and would much prefer that Chicago should retain the five shillings. Well, if that be the case, let us hope that Mr. Armour will be gifted with more than the ten minutes' tenacity of Palmerston's grenadier.

Armour virumque cano!

COMPTON READE.

FOREIGN STATE SUGAR BOUNTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In reply to your inquiry as to the attitude of Queensland in regard to the foreign state sugar bounties, I beg to state that I have already, on behalf of the Government of Queensland, impressed on the Colonial Office the urgent necessity of their abolition in the interests of what constitutes one of the staple industries of the colony. It is only recently that the Queensland planters have had to face the competition of foreign state-subsidised sugar—carried largely in foreign state-subsidised bottoms—in the neutral market of Australasia. Despite the most improved methods of production, it is hardly possible for the Queensland planters to continue to successfully face this unfair competition.

So long as these bounties continue, not only is it improbable there will be any important development of the sugar industry in Queensland, where both soil and climate would otherwise ensure its almost indefinite expansion, but the maintenance of the existing industry in which a very large sum of money is invested will be seriously imperilled.

Under these circumstances the Government of Queensland cordially welcomes Mr. Balfour's recent assurance that Her Majesty's Government will employ every means in their power to bring the deliberations of the Brussels Conference to a successful issue. At the same time it holds very strongly the opinion that, in the event of that Conference failing to secure the abolition of bounties by international agreement, effectual steps should be taken by the Imperial Government to neutralise their operation by countervailing duties.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

HORACE TOZER, Agent General.

The Secretary Anti-Bounty League,
Broad Sanctuary Chambers, S.W.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

"William Dunbar." By Oliphant Smeaton. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

BOSWELL tells us that he once offered to teach Dr. Johnson the Scotch dialect, that the sage might enjoy the beauties of a certain Scotch pastoral poem, and received for his reply, "No, sir; I will not learn it. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it." It would not be true to say that Dr. Johnson's indifference to the Scotch language and to Scotch poetry has been shared by all cultivated Englishmen, but it has certainly been shared by a very large majority in every generation. The superb merit of many of the Scotch ballads, the lyrics of Burns and the novels of Scott have practically done little to diminish this majority, and to induce English readers to acquire the knowledge which Dr. Johnson disdained. Nine Englishmen out of ten read Burns either with an eye uneasily fishing the glossary at the bottom of the page, or *ad sensum*, that is, in contented ignorance of about three words in every six. And this is perhaps all that can reasonably be expected of the Southerner. Life is short; the world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion and Scotch manners is not, as Matthew Arnold observed, a lovely one, and the time which such an accomplishment would require would be far more profitably spent in acquiring, say, the language of Dante and Ariosto, or even the language of the *Cid* Cycle and of Cervantes. A modern reader may stumble with more or less intelligence through a poem of Burns, catching the general sense, enjoying the lilt and even appreciating the niceties of rhythm. But this is not the case with the Scotch of the fifteenth century—the golden age of the vernacular poetry, the age when poets were writing thus:—

"Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris,
Hud-pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris,
All with that warlo went;
Out of thair throtteis they schot on udder
Hett molten gold, me thocht, a fudder
As fyre-flawcht, maist fervent," &c.

The usual consequences have been the result of this ignorance. The Scotch have had it all their own way in estimating the merits of their vernacular classics, and the few outsiders, whether English or German, who have made the Scotch language and literature a special subject of study, have very naturally not been willing to under-estimate the value of what it has cost them labour to acquire, and so have supported the exaggerated estimates of the Scotch themselves. What Voltaire so absurdly said of Dante, that his reputation was safe because no intelligent people read him, is literally true of such poets as Henryson, Douglas and Dunbar. We simply take them on trust, and, as with most other things which are taken on trust, we seldom trouble ourselves about the titles and guarantees. It may be accepted as an uncontrolled truth that the world is always right, and very exactly right, in the long run. That mysterious tribunal which, resolved into the individuals which compose it, seems resolved into every conceivable source of ignorance, error and folly is ultimately infallible. There are no mismeasurements in the reputation of authors with whom readers of every class have been familiar for a hundred years. But in the case of minor writers, who appeal only to a minority, critical literature is the record of the most preposterous estimates. The history of the building up of these pseudo-reputations is generally the same in all cases. First we have the *obiter dicta* of some famous man whose opinion naturally carries authority, uttered, it may be, carelessly in conversation or committed without deliberation to paper in a letter or occasional trifle. Then comes some little man, who takes up what the great man has said in deadly seriousness, and out comes, it may be, an essay or article. This wakes up some dreary pedant, who follows with an "edition" or "Study," which naturally elicits from some kindred spirit a sympathetic review. Thus the ball is set rolling, or, to change the figure, echo answers to echo, cry swells cry, and the thing is done. Meanwhile all that is of real interest and importance in the author thus resuscitated is lost sight of; in advocating his

factitious claims to attention his real claims are ignored. For the true point of view is substituted a false, the whole focus of criticism, so to speak, is deranged. The first requisite in estimating the work and relative position of a particular author is the last thing which these enthusiasts seem to consider, that is, the application of standards and touchstones derived not simply from the study of the author himself, but from acquaintance with the principles of criticism and with what is "classical" in universal literature.

All this has been illustrated in the case of the poet who is the subject of the volume before us. As Mr. Ruskin has pronounced "Aurora Leigh" to be the greatest poem of this century, so Sir Walter Scott, who has by the way been preposterously unjust to Lydgate and Hawes, pronounced Dunbar to be "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced," a reckless judgment which he could never have expressed deliberately. Ellis followed suit, and in Ellis' notice Dunbar is "the greatest poet that Scotland has produced." These judgments have in effect been reverberated by successive writers and editors. In due time, some fourteen years ago, appeared the inevitable German monograph, "William Dunbar: sein Leben und seine gedichte," by Dr. J. Schipper, to whom Mr. Oliphant Smeaton appropriately and reverently inscribes the present monograph. In Mr. Oliphant Smeaton's work Dunbar assumes the proportions which might be expected—he is a "mighty genius." "The peer if not in a few qualities the superior of Chaucer and Spenser (!)" By the indefeasible passport of the supreme genius he has an indisputable title to the apostolic succession of British poetry to that place between Chaucer and Spenser, that place which can only be claimed by one whose genius was co-ordinate with theirs." Take another illustration of Mr. Oliphant Smeaton's critical judgment. The following are three typical stanzas of a poem which Mr. Smeaton ranks with Milton's "Lycidas," and Shelley's "Adonais," they are slightly modernised:—

"I that in health was and gladness
Am troubled now with great sickness,
Enfeebled with infirmity,

Timor mortis conturbat me.

"Our pleasure here is all vain glory,
This false world is transitory,
The flesh is brittle, the fiend is slee,

Timor mortis conturbat me.

"The state of man doth change and vary,
Now sound, now sick, now blyth, now sary,
Now dancing merry, now like to dee,

Timor mortis conturbat me."

As the following is pronounced to be one of the finest stanzas Dunbar ever penned, it is interesting as illustrating what is, in Mr. Smeaton's opinion, the best work of this rival of Chaucer and Spenser:—

"Have mercy love, have mercy, lady bright;
What have I wrought against your womankind,
That you should murder me a luckless wight,
Trespassing on you nor in word nor deed,
That ye consent thereto, O God, forbid;
Leave cruelty and save your man for shame,
Or through the world quite losed is your name."

It may be added that what are by far the finest passages in Dunbar's poems are passed unnoticed and unquoted by Mr. Smeaton. Indeed, his acquaintance with Dunbar, or, at all events, his taste in selection, is exactly on a par with that of Addison's Ned Softley with Waller. "As that admirable writer has the best and worst verses among our English poets, Ned has got all the bad ones by heart, which he repeats upon occasion to show his reading." Should Mr. Smeaton ever meet his idol in Hades we would in all kindness advise him to avoid an encounter; let him remember that the fulsome eulogy is his own, but that the quotations are the poet's attempted murder—so the irate shade might argue—is less serious than compulsory suicide.

Dunbar was undoubtedly a man of genius, but a reference to the poets who immediately preceded him will make large deductions from the praises lavished on him by critics like Mr. Smeaton. He struck no new notes. "The Thistle and the Rose" and "The Golden Perge" are mere echoes of Chaucer and Lydgate, and

in some degree of the author of "The King's Quair," and are indeed full of plagiarisms from them. "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins" is probably little more than a faithful description of a popular mummary. His moral and religious poems had their prototypes even in Scotland in such poets as Johnston and Henryson. His most remarkable characteristic is his versatility, which ranges from the composition of such poems as the "Merle and the Nightingale" to the "Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo," from such lyrics as the "Meditation in Winter" to such lyrics as the "Plea for Pity." Mr. Smeaton calls him a giant in an age of pigmies. The author or authoress of the "Flower and the Leaf" was infinitely superior to him in point of style, Henryson was infinitely superior to him in originality, and Gavin Douglas at least his equal in power of expression and in description.

Let us do Dunbar the justice which Mr. Smeaton has not done him, and take him at his very best. Here is part of a picture of a May morning,—

"For month of May, wyth skipkis and wyth poppis
The birdis sang upon the tender croppis
With curiose notis, as Venus Chapell clerkis
The rosis yong, new spreding of their knoppis,
War powderit brycht with heviny beriall droppis;
Throu bemes rede, birnyng as ruby sperkis,
The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis."

This is brilliant and picturesque, rhetoric touched into poetry by the "Venus chapell clerkis," and the magical note in the last line; so too the touch in "The Golden Terge," likening the faery ship to "blossom upon the spray." But in his allegorical poem he is too fond of the "quainte enamalit termes," and his verse has a certain metallic ring. It will be admitted, we suppose, that the best of his moral poems would be "The Merle and the Nightingale" and "Be Merrie Man;" but the utmost which can be said for them is that the philosophy is excellent and its expression adequate; that is, that they have little to distinguish them from hundreds of other poems of the same class. In speaking of Dunbar's satires, Mr. Smeaton indulges himself in the following nonsense, telling us that they unite "the natural directness of Hall, the subtle depth of Donne, the delicate humour of Breton, the sturdy vigour of Dryden, the scalding, vitriolic bitterness of Swift, the pungency of Churchill, the rural smack of Gay united to an approach at least to the artistic perfection of Pope." Stuff like this and indiscriminate eulogy are, no doubt, much easier to produce than an estimate of a writer's historical position and importance. Of the relation of Dunbar to his predecessors and contemporaries in England and Scotland, of his prototypes and models in French and Provençal literature, of the influence which he undoubtedly exercised on subsequent poetry, and especially on Spenser, Mr. Smeaton has nothing to say. It never seems to occur to him that his hero, like every one else, must have had his limitations, that "the many-sidedness of that genius which has a ring"—the metaphors are not ours, but Mr. Smeaton's—"almost Shakespearian, about it," could hardly have been distinguished by uniformity of excellence; that "that painter of contemporary manners, who had all the vividness of a Callot, united to the broad humour of a Teniers and the minute touch of a Meissonier," who "reflected in his verse the most delicate nuances, as well as the most startling colours of the age wherein he lived," must have had degrees in success.

We have singled out this volume for special notice not because of any intrinsic title it possesses to serious attention, but because it is typical of a class of literature which is rapidly becoming one of the pests of our time. If every encouragement should be given to sober, judicious and competent reviews of our older writers, every discouragement should be given, out of respect to the dead, as well as in the interests of the living, to such books as the present. For they are as mischievous as they are ridiculous. They misinform, they mislead, and they corrupt taste. Such eulogy as critics like Mr. Smeaton indulge in is the subtlest form which calumny can assume. After laying down a volume like this we feel that there is something much more formidable than the old horror, "the candid friend," even that indicated by Tacitus—*pessimum inimicorum genus—laudantes*.

MÉRIMÉE.

"Mérimee." Par Augustin Filon. Paris: Hachette.

WHEN Prosper Mérimée died in September 1870, everything in his circumstances and the condition of public affairs combined to obscure his name and reputation. Silence gathered around that tomb in the cemetery of Cannes where two English ladies had left him, and where a Protestant chaplain had so mysteriously put in a claim to the conduct of his soul. France was in the throes of her great martyrdom, and had no time to spare for thoughts of Mérimée; or, if a thought was given here and there, it could but be one of hatred and scorn for the single writer of genius who had "apostatized," who had followed the Accursed without a murmur, who had sunken to be the valet of Napoleon the Little. When the confusion of the war began to subside, there were other names and other interests to arrest public attention, and Mérimée continued as unsympathetic as ever. That his best work was perfect in quality might be coldly admitted, but it was pointed out that it came from a dry heart, from a turn-coat senator, from one who had sold himself to the wicked for a piece of bread. Those who knew that Mérimée was one of the finest talents of his age were wise, and waited. They saw that nothing could be done to redeem his reputation so long as the wounds were raw that the Second Empire had inflicted.

But Mérimée, though dead, began in a most unexpected way to take his fame into his own hands. No one knew that he had been a letter-writer, but now his intimate and exquisite private correspondence began to appear. The "Lettres à une Inconnue" made a sensation in 1873. They were followed by the "Lettres à une autre Inconnue" in 1875, by the "Lettres à M. Panizzi" in 1881, much more recently by the letters to Mrs. Senior and to the Lernormants. The result has been slowly to revolutionise our conception of Mérimée, or, more exactly, to blow away from a central conception of it which has not radically changed the dust of prejudice and mendacious gossip. While the moral aspect of Mérimée has vastly gained by the publication of all these letters, his intellectual nature has been revealed on a new side. France, once the home and temple of the Muse of Correspondence, has in the last generations not especially shone in this matter. We have slowly had to acknowledge that Mérimée, in addition to his other claims upon us, was one of the finest letter-writers of the nineteenth century in France. M. Filon finds only two with whom to compare him—Joubert and Ernest Doudan, neither of them, it will be observed, professional authors.

This is the second time that M. Filon undertakes the biography of Mérimée, for whom he has a particular cult. In his valuable work on "Mérimée et ses Amis," in 1894, M. Filon, whose long connexion with the Imperial family has given him unparalleled opportunities of studying the interior of that court life which Mérimée observed and adorned, has put many things clearly which were confused and ill-reported before. It is a curious reflection for those of us who were young when "M. de Bismarck absolutely insisted upon war," us to whom the idea of the fallen French Empire was one of intolerable crudity and ugly nearness,—it is curious for us to observe that at length, after so many vicissitudes of taste and experience, the Court of the Tuileries is positively receding into a historical dimness not wholly incompatible already with mystery and romance. In this new plane of perspective the letters of Mérimée hold their place; as time goes on, they may take a foremost place in it, since there was certainly no one, who was in so good a position as he was for observing, who had in any measure an equal genius for observation. It has been the privilege of M. Filon to read the inedited correspondence of Mérimée with the Comtesse de Montijo, which is in the possession of the Empress Eugénie. He was even permitted, in "Mérimée et ses Amis," to print appetising extracts from it. There can be no question that when that collection of letters is at last given to the public, it will supersede all other memorials of the inner life of the Second Empire.

But M. Filon was reproached by the critics for forgetting, when he wrote "Mérimée et ses Amis," that his subject was one of the great masters of French com-

position. He was accused of lingering so long over the archæologist, the senator, the inspector of monuments, the courtier and the lover as to neglect the author of "La Vénus d'Ile" and of "Lokis." In the new biography which comes before us to-day the omission, which was only a relative one, has been amended. The volume takes its place in the rank of M. Jusséraud's "Grands Ecrivains Français," and M. Filon makes everything subservient this time to the writings of Mérimée and to his intellectual growth. For the ordinary reader, and more especially for the English reader, the genius of Prosper Mérimée is enclosed in very narrow compass. As a conscientious critic-biographer is bound to do, M. Filon dwells with care on those "serious" and academic productions with which Mérimée so arduously occupied the middle years of his life. But no one now reads the "Histoire de Don Pedro" or "Les Cosaques d'Autrefois"; perhaps no one ever read the "Études sur l'Histoire Romaine." There are left to us all one historical romance, "Chronique du règne de Charles IX." and a group of quite short stories, which everybody either has read, will read, or makes a very grave mistake not to read. Life is short, but it is not short enough to make it excusable for any person of liberal education not to be familiar with "Colomba" or "Mateo Falcone." After more than half a century these astonishing little masterpieces retain their perennial freshness, which the classical precision of their form encloses as a dewdrop may be shut in a crystal. It is within the range of argument, at least, that the short stories of Prosper Mérimée are the most skilful that have ever been constructed.

It has been observed by M. Jules Lemaître that no young people enjoy the stories of Mérimée. We may proceed further, and say that his whole character and personality are offensive and inimical to youth. In an age like ours, where the idolatry of the young is carried to such a pitch that persons at all stricken in years have no chance of attracting the least sympathy or respect except by the flattery of their juniors and an affectation of interest in the "newest" whims of youthful fancy, the attitude of Prosper Mérimée preserves a kind of bitter dignity. He replied to "the young men knocking at the door" by silently drawing the bolts and lowering the blinds. M. Filon tells us how austere he repelled the familiarities of younger men, how loyally he concentrated his interests on the movements of his own old contemporary friends, how he scorned to buy the praise of boys by flattering their productions against his conscience. This has always been counted to Mérimée as a serious fault, and we do not pretend, even in paradox, that it was amiable. But it was sincere, and it was part of that cold and impregnable mental integrity which is beginning, after so many years of misapprehension, to be appreciated at last.

But M. Lemaître is quite right; Mérimée does not appeal to the young. He is too dry, too brief, too bitter. Indeed, for those to whom life has taught or can teach nothing, his profound, incisive observation seems mere cynicism. The quietness of Mérimée, his delicate arrogance, his sober, modulated style, his perfect command of himself, are not suited to do otherwise than exasperate hysterical and headstrong readers. But there are others to whom the reserve and intensity of this writer, his incomparable clairvoyance, his concentration, his irony in the face of fate, combine to seem so admirable that they look far and wide in the modern literatures of Europe for anything quite so distinguished in its own restricted class. As for himself, and his reputation as one to whom tenderness and fidelity were contemptible, the libel is one that dies slowly, but it is dying at last. Now, each successive commentator on Mérimée quotes that analysis of Saint-Clair in which he feigned to describe the hero of his story "Le Vase Etrusque." Every one now recognises that in this secret, premature fashion, like a nocturnal fugitive concealing his title-deeds, he was burying in one of the most highly finished of his writings a protest against the injustice of contemporary opinion. We do not yet perfectly comprehend the temperament of Prosper Mérimée, but at last we are beginning to appreciate it, and no one is helping us to do so more than M. Augustin Filon.

THE NEW THACKERAY.

"The Works of W. M. Thackeray. With Biographical Introductions by his Daughter." Vol. II. "The History of Pendennis." Smith.

THE Biographical Edition of Thackeray moves on rapidly, and we are bound to say that the second volume of it is an improvement on the first. Now that we know what we shall get we do not expect too much, and are grateful to Mrs. Ritchie for whatever amiable gossip she pleases to expend upon us. "Pendennis," the most genial of its author's works, lends itself easily to the methods of autobiographical comment; there is something of the experience of the man who wrote it lurking in every chapter. The house of Pen is identified by Mrs. Ritchie with Larkbeare, close to Ottery St. Mary's, where there lived a lady who was the prototype of Helen. From Charterhouse, and later on from Cambridge, Thackeray commonly went down to Larkbeare for his holidays. Little record of the Charterhouse life has been preserved; Thackeray was never inclined to dwell upon it. But it is interesting to know that the late Dean of Christchurch was his companion in those earliest years. "I constantly sat next him in school," said Liddell shortly before his death, "and we spent most of our time in drawing."

The head-master, Dr. Russell, was called "rude Boreas," and "the hungry lion." The scene in which the schoolmaster at Greyfriars rates Pen for his incorrigible stupidity in Major Pendennis' presence, is now exactly paralleled by an account, in a letter of 1828, of Dr. Russell's treatment of Thackeray—upon Valentine's Day, too! "Thackeray, Thackeray," he shouted, "you are an idle, profligate, shuffling boy!" Next year this "disgrace to his school and family and, no doubt, in after-life, to his country also" went up to Cambridge, but the holiday haunts of the young man did not change. In 1825 his step-father had gone down, as Mrs. Ritchie says, "to Fair Oaks, in Devonshire." She says this because she is pleasantly hypnotised by "Pendennis," where that place is so familiar to us. She means to say Larkbeare, for that was the geographical name of it. She reproduces for us a delicious pen-and-ink sketch of the young (but very plump) gentleman riding home by moonlight after a party, with folded arms and hat very far pushed back; and a picture of Larkbeare, which proves, indeed, to be the exact counterpart of Fair Oaks.

Extracts from a great many Cambridge letters pleasantly reproduce the life there, not particularly in reference to "Pendennis." It is new to us that Thackeray passed through a stage of enthusiasm for Shelley. But in May 1829 he is full of "The Revolt of Islam," "in my opinion a most beautiful poem, though the story is absurd, and the Republican sentiments in it conveyed, if possible, more absurd." Later he was not sure whether he should bring it down to Larkbeare or not, lest it might not be appreciated. We are intimately acquainted with Helen: Pendennis' taste in poetry, and we have no hesitation in agreeing with Thackeray that she might not have liked "The Revolt of Islam." It seems uncertain whether he did or did not carry out his intention of speaking about Shelley at the Union. Doubtless it was Milnes who had introduced the poet's name to him. Mrs. Ritchie considers that Pen had more knowledge of the world when he went to college than her father had; she adds little to our knowledge of his Cambridge life, but she tells us on what incident of a stray call his personal presence was invented, and she gives a drawing of his profile, which suggests Thackeray himself, idealised, before Venables had broken his nose.

We must warmly congratulate Mrs. Ritchie on having succeeded at last, after so many vain endeavours, spread over quite a number of years, in spelling correctly the name of her old friend, Edward Fitzgerald. We have never been able to understand why this should present such difficulties to the speller, especially if people would only remember that he commonly signed himself E. F. G. But Mrs. Ritchie has mastered the mighty task at length, although touching evidence of the effort it has cost her remains on p. xvii. This in our own copy we have blotted with a tear.

CHARLES I.

"Charles I." By Sir John Skelton. London: Goupil.

THIS large and handsome volume forms one of the same series as the illustrated lives of Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth, which we have already had occasion to notice. In one respect it possesses a considerable advantage over them; the work of the seventeenth-century artists on whom Sir John Skelton relies for his illustrations of the Court and family of Charles Stuart was infinitely superior to that of their predecessors of the sixteenth century. The stiff and bejewelled portraits of Elizabeth and her contemporaries by painters such as Zuccheri compare most unfavourably with the magnificent collection of Vandykes which adorns this volume. The seventeenth-century miniatures are superior in almost equal proportion to those of the earlier generation.

The book requires notice from two points of view—as a series of illustrations of the Court of Charles, and as a historical essay on the King's position and character. The two aspects of the work are utterly disconnected, for Sir John Skelton has not given us any commentary on the art of the pictures which are interspersed among his pages, and some of them are representations of persons who are not even mentioned in his text. It would not have been out of place to give, in foot-notes or elsewhere, the history of the individual portraits, with a dissertation on their exact chronological order. Some of them seem to be placed a little at random, *e.g.*, the portraits of Henrietta Maria on pages 70 and 114 seem to be later than that on page 138. The last-named should surely have preceded them. Similarly, the Windsor Castle full-length of the King on page 6 obviously represents Charles as an older man than the plates on pages 86 and 98, and should have been placed last of the three.

Putting the question of sequence aside, we cannot speak too highly of the way in which the series of portraits has been chosen and executed. All the reproductions of oil paintings and miniatures, without exception, have been most successful. It is delightful to be able to compare the two large pictures of Charles and his Queen by Daniel Mytens with the well-known Vandykes. They show that the supposition that Charles owes the melancholy of his face and the grace of his bearing to the pencil of Vandyke is absolutely unfounded. Mytens' stiff style and his inability to dispose his figures to best advantage among their surroundings do not in the least impair the king's dignity: he shows the Charles that we all know, less happily posed, but identical in all respects with the personage drawn by his greater contemporary. In some respects his two large groups from Buckingham Palace may serve as examples of what a painter should avoid: the enormous empty middle-space of the picture on page 114 relegates Charles and Henrietta Maria to the extreme ends of the canvas, and leaves the attention of the beholder focussed upon the olive branch, the beaver hat, and the crown, which occupy the centre of the gorgeously-draped table. The group on page 86 is even worse: all the proportions are confused by the small stature of the page holding dogs in a leash in the left foreground: he is not a dwarf, being perfectly formed and graceful, yet if he is to be taken as a normal boy, Charles must be between seven and eight feet high, since his little attendant hardly reaches above his knee. The cherub showering down flowers on the Queen's head is equally unhappy in effect: all the rest of the surroundings of the royal pair being severely realistic, the naked boy in his cloud seems hopelessly incongruous.

The gems of the book are undoubtedly the three magnificent Vandykes of Henrietta Maria facing pages 10, 46 and 138. On the whole we prefer that from the Longford Castle Collection: the Windsor example, charming though it is, seems a little idealised and does not render the Queen's bright and vivacious expression so well as the others.

One most interesting representation of Charles is missing from the series, the "Portrait of His Majesty as he sat before the pretended Court of High Commission." It would have been well to give this picture of Charles in his latter days, when his cheeks had fallen in and his hair was streaked with grey, after he had

endured the stress of the Civil War and the long imprisonment which followed. It might have been reproduced from the anonymous canvas at All Souls' College, Oxford, or from the better-known engraving made from it. The artist who drew it cannot have had any proper sittings from the King, but there can be no doubt that he worked from a genuine sketch which he had taken at the time of the trial. This grand and pathetic portrait might well have been substituted for the miserable daub by Wessop which faces page 84. The latter has not even the merit of accuracy to redeem its ugliness, for it represents the King as executed on a high block, while the result of the controversy on the details of the scene, which raged a few years ago, was to prove that the block was only raised a few inches from the scaffold.

Of the minor illustrations by far the most interesting is the wonderful miniature of Strafford in Plate VII. We have never seen such a forbidding portrait of the great Lord Deputy; the lowering frown and the pursed mouth give his dark countenance such an air of tyrannous ill-temper that we can well understand the meaning of those who called him the "Bashaw of Buda." A very curious misprint below the miniature of the Countess of Somerset perhaps requires a word of notice. She is twice styled by the extraordinary name of *Tromiro* Howard, instead of Frances Howard. Those who wish to see how the mistake is caused may, if they choose, write Frances twenty times in a very angular hand, and then give the worst-written specimen to an exceptionally stupid printer. It is curious that such an eccentric slip did not catch the eye of those who revised the lettering of the plates and the index.

The letterpress of the book consists of a clever and interesting but rather rambling and very one-sided essay on King Charles. Sir John Skelton cannot, of course, maintain that his hero committed no faults, but he strongly holds that he was far more sinned against than sinning, and thinks that the Civil War must be ascribed to the Long Parliament's arrogance, not to the King's incurable tendency towards mental reservations and double-dealing. It is characteristic of the method which he adopts that only one page out of the 181 of which the book consists is devoted to the years 1646–48, when Charles showed himself at his worst by attempting from his prison to set on foot intrigue after intrigue against those who had him at their mercy. These two years of cross-negotiations, futile statecraft, and unreal promises are the most unworthy portion of the King's life. But Sir John Skelton can find no stronger condemnation for his conduct in stirring up the second civil war than the words, "Premature action was pernicious: it was an enormous mistake when the civil war was renewed by the Scots. Charles and his allies should have learned to wait" (p. 173). Surely the man who blew up the dying embers into a second flame, while all the while he was simulating compliance with his captors' desires and feeding them with vain hopes, deserves a harsher verdict.

It is curious to find that, in discussing Laud and Strafford, Sir John has nothing but praise for the Lord Deputy and nothing but depreciation for the "fussy" Archbishop. We had thought that modern research tended to vindicate Laud, but that nothing had been found to palliate Strafford's abominable tyranny in Ireland. The signs of material prosperity which his rule produced are strongly insisted upon, while nothing is said of his atrocious methods. Who that has read of the Lord Deputy's dealings with the unfortunate Catholic landholders of Connaught can read with patience Sir John's quotation on the subject—"the Commission of Defective Titles was doing its work, and now that men could call their lands their own without fear of question, they were able to devote themselves to the improvement of their estates" (p. 131); who that remembers the cases of Mountmorris or the Galway jurors can endure the statement that under Strafford's rule "justice was dispensed to all without acceptance of persons?" All the more strange, after reading the exaggerated praises with which Strafford is covered, is it to find that Charles incurs no very grave blame on page 138 for allowing his great minister to be put to death without raising a hand to help him. We are told that it was a "bitter ordeal" for the King to sign the warrant; surely it was

more than that; the act was the betrayal of a faithful and zealous servant in the day of his adversity, and the plea that Charles was overawed by the cries of the mob outside Whitehall may serve as an explanation, but not as an excuse. Even the weak Louis XVI. did nothing so base as this.

We are not without appreciation of the better sides of Sir John Skelton's argument. It is perfectly true that Charles reaped the whirlwind because the Tudors had sowed the wind. It is conceded that he could quote precedents from sixteenth-century practice for most of his unconstitutional actions. It is only fair to grant that he inherited from his father a system of futile statecraft and an adviser such as Buckingham. We know that he was in private life a courteous and dignified gentleman, that he possessed all the domestic virtues, that he was a judicious patron of art and a loyal son of the Church of England. Nevertheless, the celebrated passage in which Macaulay, in his essay on Milton, demolished the contemporary apologists of Charles Stuart remains as true to-day as at the moment when it was written: "His advocates, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, decline all controversy about facts and content themselves with calling testimony to character. For ourselves we own that we do not understand the common phrase, 'a good man, but a bad King.'"

RITSCHL AND THE AULD LIGHTS.

"The Ritschlian Theology and the Evangelical Faith."
By Dr. James Orr. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is a compact little fighting treatise. The author has worked diligently at his subject, put his case courteously, and never lost his temper. He has called up the Ritschlian theology with due deliberation and smitten it a dint between the eyes with four brawny Scotch knuckles. This is business and pleasure in one. It increases our respect for the gallant pugilist, and, though we prefer to back his opponent, we cheerfully afford the assailant his meed of praise and plasters. Ritschl, for good and evil, represents the modern spirit. He was the nursing father of German Broad Churchmanship, the Lutheran Thomas Arnold, and the pædagogues of professors. His new revelation is perhaps a little in need of repair now, for Ritschl has been dead for some years, and his pupils have developed the message in altogether unexpected directions, but most of its negations and some few of its affirmations are still held by our innumerable religious leaders, and have been sucked in and digested out by crowds of the hungry guests for whom these magnates cater. Modern religion is amorphous. It hates the antique. It is certain that all theologians, and especially all systematic theologians until now, have utterly destroyed the primitive faith. There was too much reasoning, carnal logic, brow-cracking metaphysic, hard effort after explanation of mysteries and awe-stricken orthodoxy about the religious leaders of the past. We seemed to want quite the reverse of all this, a theology of works and simplicity, of *terra firma* and free friendship with heresy, a theology which shall not harp too harshly upon ideas such as Sin, Hell, and Doomsday, but be delighted to ply the critical knife in the entrails of the Evangelists. In a word, we demanded a theology which would not impede our minds, shackle our wills or too vigorously control our actions. This demand met with a prompt supply. Modern religion has but one great apologist and prophet, and that is Ritschl. His mantle has been divided among the universities of Germany, and Cambridge has artfully conveyed away several ells of it. Some of our dignitaries have purchased shreds and snippets of it enough to drape themselves; and even the tatters and fluff have gone to clothe the nakedness of the conventicle. Religious knowledge is of a different kind from theoretic knowledge, it tells us—as if there were two kinds of truth. The peculiarity of religious knowledge lies in value-judgments (*Werthurtheile*). It has nothing to do with objective and scientific fact. It makes religious substance to consist in what the thing represents, not in what it is by analysis. It bases ethics upon the sacramental system by applying that system to doctrines. It defines eternal life as lordship over the

world. It cultivates less a body of Christian thought than a Christian attitude towards everything. It does not exactly begin with propositions; it begins with a sense of a whole, with necessary interdependence of parts. It starts more with Churchmanship than with full-fledged faith and fundamentals. It denies natural theology. It makes very free with the Bible and the Creeds, and puffs out the Auld Lights with a blast of scorn. All these things are very trying to a professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian College of Edinburgh, and he might be expected to become very fremit indeed at the bare recital of them. Instead of affording sport to the ungodly by vituperation and exclamation, Dr. Orr states his facts, gives chapter and verse for his statements, and then asks whether his readers are willing to exchange the faith once delivered to the saints at Westminster for the mingled Popery, profanity, Neo-Kantian logomachies and unscriptural positions of which the Ritschlian theology must appear to him to be made up? He naturally wishes them to reply with a roar of No; but whatever they reply, they may read his book with some profit. There is only one unfair hit in it and that is (pp. 184, &c.) where the author points to the want of unity among Ritschl's disciples, as if any argument whatsoever could be drawn from such a fact. The root fault of Ritschl was one which Dr. Orr does not sufficiently dwell upon, for the obvious reason perhaps that he shares that fault with the system which he assails. "To that shallow type of thought, of enlightenment," says Hegel, "which is vain of its boldness, it appears unmeaning and unseemly to recall trivial truths, such, for instance, as that which may be here brought to mind, the truth that Man is distinguished from the brute by faculty of thought, but shares that of feeling with it." "The heart ought not to have any dread of knowledge." "We cannot engage in philosophical speculation regarding any object whatever without employing universal and abstract categories of thought, least of all, when God, the profoundest subject of thought, the absolute Notion is the object." A theology which does not begin here is built upon a quicksand, and however many random and interesting truths it may contain will not be a breeding house for great religious leaders, although it can, and may, attract great historians and brilliant critics to lodge in it for a time, until it tumbles about their ears and sends them flying to newer, or older, systems.

THE EAST—FAR AND NEAR.

- "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe: being Sketches of the Domestic and Religious Rites and Ceremonies of the Siamese." By Ernest Young. Westminster: Constable.
- "Through China with a Camera." By John Thomson. Westminster: Constable.
- "Everyday Life in Turkey." By Mrs. W. M. Ramsay. London: Hodder.
- "Servia: the Poor Man's Paradise." By Herbert Vivian. London: Longmans.
- "The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a Portugal, during his Travels for the space of One-and-twenty Years in the Kingdoms of Ethiopia, China, Tartaria, Cauchinchina, Calaminham, Siam, Pegu, Japan, and a great part of the East Indies. Written originally by himself in the Portugal tongue." London: Macock, 1663. Popular reissue. ("The Adventure Series.") London: Unwin.

THE craving for literature dealing with the mysterious East, if now more than usually virulent, is no modern malady. We are free to confess that, in the matter of illustration, the newer literature is more amply provided, if less quaintly executed; but for an artistic imagination, which, after all, is the mainspring of a traveller's tale, commend us to the Middle Ages. Unwin's cheap reprints of forgotten works of adventure are praiseworthy, and Pinto's Voyages perhaps the most welcome of all. Like most travellers of his time—and, indeed, of every other time—he enjoyed a peculiar reputation as a liar, which has scarcely been justified by subsequent exploration of the countries he visited. Congreve, in one of his plays, took Pinto as a type of "a liar of the first magnitude," and Professor

Vambéry wearies us with an introductory disquisition upon the comparative veracity of Pinto; but really the question is not worth labouring, and most people will probably content themselves with the fact that he was a very entertaining fellow. Indeed, Professor Vambéry reminds us somewhat of that good old clergyman who read "Gulliver's Travels" and vowed that, for his part, he scarcely believed a word of them. Pinto's book is particularly useful in emphasising the difference between the old and the new school of travel. The old school explorer set out without special instruments or scientific training, and interested the public by laying before it such details as interested him and were likely to interest the average man of intelligence. He did not weary us, as many of his successors do, by displays of superfluous knowledge or an arid enumeration of common-place facts, which may not appeal to the very specialist.

We understand that would-be explorers generally repair to the Geographical Society to be coached in the ways of exploration and the use of the globe, with the object of producing an orthodox volume on their return. Surely they would produce far more satisfactory or, at any rate, far more entertaining, work if, for all training, they contented themselves with a diligent perusal of Pinto.

It would certainly have improved the four other books now under our consideration, though they are all well above the average of modern works of travel, and have eschewed the cut-and-dried lines which make for dullness. "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe" is perhaps too conscientiously accurate to be always amusing, and the author evidently labours under the delusion that religious ritual is always the most important and interesting topic in a far country. The details of a strange creed lend themselves more easily to surprise than the contrasts of daily life in different countries, but the surprise tends to become monotonous, and we come to yearn for even humdrum facts about agriculture, commerce, Court life, politics, or even finance. We do not deny the readableness of the book, nor the interest of many little touches, which atone for many other shortcomings, and we make no doubt that any one contemplating a visit to Siam will afford due perusal to Mr. Young's narrative. But, should there ever be a demand for another edition, several important improvements will be necessary. At present most of the illustrations—very fair illustrations, by the way—have been bound up some way off from their right places, and there is no index. Every book of travel should have an index. Else how are the indolent reviewer and the intelligent public to pick out the plums?

Mr. Vivian's book on Serbia has an excellent index, but that is only one among its many excellences. Although he has no actual adventures to relate, unless an almost regal welcome may thus be styled, he contrives to sustain our interest from the frontispiece to the finish. His description of places and people are works of art in their way, and bring home to us what he has seen more vividly than the best imaginable cinematograph. He possesses also the rare gift of maintaining his vivacity even when dealing with the most prosaic subjects, and we find exquisite little gems in the most unexpected settings. In a note on transliteration, for instance, he gravely tells us to pronounce a certain Servian letter "with a short sneeze," and in a prefatory note he thanks us and certain other editors for the permission to reproduce portions of articles, "with which I dignified their pages." Mr. Vivian has evidently studied his Serbia with infinite pains, and his particular genius has enabled him to give us a brilliant and exhaustive survey of every phase of Servian life, character and charm. Of course nobody goes to Serbia nowadays for pleasure, but Mr. Vivian's book will certainly afford a delightful study to all who wish to acquaint themselves with a country which may at any time come to the fore, and it may be useful to note, in anticipation of the next uproar in the Balkans, that this is likely to remain the standard work upon the subject.

Mrs. Ramsay's book on every-day life in Turkey is less ambitious. Most of her information is already familiar to all travellers and to the generality of intelligent readers. But she has produced a cheerful narra-

tive, and many incidents of her journeys in out-of-the-way parts of the Turkish Empire are quite entertaining. She accompanied her husband on archaeological expeditions, and it will surprise most of us to learn how few discomforts and annoyances she experienced in regions popularly supposed to be chaotic in their lawlessness. Had she been content to say less about the vermin, which, after all, are as ubiquitous in the West as in the East, the relation would have been altogether pleasant; and, even as it is, she serves a useful purpose in drawing attention to the many good qualities of the outcast Turk. Without attaining to literary excellence, she maintains a high character of colloquial prose, and the only faults we have to find with her are that she often explains too much, and often too little. Her spelling, also, leaves much to be desired, as, for instance, when she follows writers of the last century in writing *divan*, which might be phonetic in German but is inexcusable in English.

Mr. Thomson is, we understand, a professional photographer, and the hundred illustrations in his work do great credit to his profession. They are indeed the chief excuse for the book, and the letterpress is entirely subsidiary to them. He has evidently been very industrious in exploring China for the purposes of his craft, and, did he possess the power of literary expression, his book might well have been wholly admirable, though he is certainly not as practical an observer as he is artistic. As an instance of his methods, we may mention his description of gambling in China, where he makes it appear that the banks only lay even money against a three to one chance, whereas the fact is that a punter may stake on any one of four quarters of a circle and can only lose over the opposite quarter, while if either of the side quarters come out he neither wins nor loses. The chief merit of the literary part of the book is that it confines itself to the author's impressions without dogmatism or a misplaced ambition, and we believe that if Mr. Thomson could secure the assistance of a man of letters to condense his book and put it into due literary form, it might have some considerable vogue.

FICTION.

"The Crook of the Bough." By Menie Muriel Dowie. London: Methuen.

MISS MENIE MURIEL DOWIE is a survival of the "naughty-little-whisper-in-the-corner" school. She produced "Gallia" contemporaneously with the many "Women who Did" and "Men who Didn't" series. She received an attentive hearing from a small public who had not then begun to realise the hoary antiquity of the novelty she and her sister novelists were offering. Impropriety of behaviour, with long-winded philosophic truisms in explanatory footnotes was the text from which they preached. Now that impropriety of behaviour is taking again its position in a background decorously hazy, it is interesting to discover which, if any, of these indiscreet ladies had anything but their feminine indiscretions to commend them to a fiction-loving public. And as far as Miss Dowie is concerned the question can be immediately answered in the affirmative.

She writes astonishingly badly; she has an excellent story to tell, but after piquing curiosity as to how she is going to work it out, she drops into prophecy and shirks its developments; she invents words and misapplies them; she is glaringly ungrammatical and crudely pert, and notwithstanding all these defects she has one quality that makes her demand for a hearing a reasonable one: she can draw a type. It is something of the facile talent of the lightning caricaturist that she possesses, something of the gift that makes the pit and gallery shout themselves hoarse, or hiss vociferously, as Chamberlain or Harcourt appear on the blackboard. There are lightning portraits in "The Crook of the Bough" of the hospital nurse, who is all bonnet, collar and apron; of the high-school governess, with short hair and spectacles and a handful of examination papers; of the Oxford Debating Club prig, who has just attained a seat in the House; of a French lady of the "half world," all silken and scented. And Miss Dowie can also describe a journey; there is movement in the hurried Continental trip; the Cook's tourist party are realistically vivid.

and vulgar, none of the characters or scenes are flat, they stand out boldly from the canvas, they have atmosphere and the sense of life. Miss Dowie is never dull, she has both observation and humour.

The story that "The Crook of the Bough" suggests is the story of a young English woman, of correct demeanour and earnest views of the duties and responsibilities of life, whose heart and imagination are captured by a red-fezzed, handsome Turkish officer. And a very good story it might have been in strong hands; as told by the inventor it is, however, merely anecdotal. Hassan Bey and Islay Netherdale meet in Constantinople. Hassan is captivated by the novelty of the young Englishwoman's impersonal manner with her masculine surroundings. The type-writer which she uses, and the photographic camera which she carries; her interest in politics and the fearlessness of her pedestrianism, even her waterproof and goloshes, inspire him with admiration and respect. He is keenly interested in her trite conversation about the position of women in England, and awed by the absence of fripperies and coquetties in her dress and conduct. When they part, it is on the understanding that they will meet in London—an understanding which Islay interprets as she wishes. But under the influence of the new set of emotions with which Hassan's beautiful eyes have inspired her, she spends long, passionate days, whilst waiting for his arrival, in discarding her rep petticoats and woollen stockings, her square-toed boots and linen collars; in "taking possession of her woman's empire." She rushes to Jay's and invests in satin stays and lingerie to match, all frills and lace. Tea-gowns follow, and open-work silk stockings, bronze shoes and diamond buckles. Finally, she has her straight, smooth hair *crêpéd*, and her hands manicured. Hassan arrives and finds in disgust that his stiff and admirable English ideal was only another "Zenana woman," finds the sentiments she now evokes are old and familiar to him, and disregarding the obvious solution of adding her to his harem, retires disappointed from the scene. We hear vaguely that he subsequently died of fever in an hotel in Alexandria that required the attention of the sanitary inspector. But there are many such, and the fact had nothing to do with the tale, which now fizzles away as indeterminately as it began. The prig marries the high-school teacher, which is as it should be, and the hospital nurse flirts indiscriminately, which is also inevitable. Islay, with her new development, discovers that notwithstanding Hassan's defection, her "girlhood is ripe for a lover," and there seem to be one or two possibilities looming in the distance.

Except the advertisement for Jay's there is nothing more in the book that dwells upon the memory. Islay "drapes" her typewriter when she has been converted to æstheticism; and throws away her "fountain" pen, but these acts appear to me as only evidence of the authoress's flippancy; for it must be understood that the book is posed with seriousness. Specimens of the grammar I deplore are such as these. "Herself her own altar, heaped with every small offering and sacrifice the zealot of her mind could offer to her body." "The remote parchment-faced Q.C. with his reputation towering and battlemented, but incomprehensible." Each of these collection of words appears between full stops. "Brumous," "distinguishment," "pubescent," "intrigued them," are among Miss Dowie's philological triumphs.

FRANK DANBY.

"The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer." By Haldane Macfall. London: Grant Richards.

The presentation of a new background is almost the greatest kindness that a novelist can bestow on a jaded reader, and when on the background are painted figures which, if not absolutely new inventions, are as lively as they are unfamiliar, the reader need not stint his expressions of gratitude. We fancy that Mr. Haldane Macfall will reap a comfortable harvest in this kind, for he has at last achieved novelty in his record of the doings of Jezebel Pettyfer. The West Indian negro has not, it is true, altogether wanted his sacred bard, but we can recall nothing in fiction which deals with him half as picturesquely and completely as he is here dealt with. There is but one white man in the book whose

contributions to the action and dialogue could easily, and even beneficially, be dispensed with. For the rest, the story, which passes chiefly in Barbadoes and Jamaica, deals entirely with the superstitions, the humours, and the passions of the negro as there seen. It is, in truth, an extraordinary story enough, and it is told with a vigour and conscious enjoyment that succeed in making it wholly credible. We cannot pretend to know how far the general reader's patience will take him through the four hundred pages of dialect; but we are prepared to assure him beforehand that if he perseveres with a book which is formidable only in appearance, he will be very handsomely rewarded. Jehu Sennacherib Dyle is one of the most entertaining scoundrels we have met with for a long time, and Jezebel Pettyfer herself is a really splendid figure of grotesque wickedness. Certainly the book is too long, and Mr. Macfall has an itch for superfluous description; but as it stands, faults of style and all, it is of more than common excellence, and invites us to expect something very considerable from its author.

"The Heritage of Eve." By H. H. Spethgug. London: Chatto.

Tita Storck was a young woman who wrote novels, and had so beautiful a faith in the dignity of art that, when her sister surreptitiously submitted one of her manuscripts to a great publisher, and the great publisher accepted it straightway, she refused to have anything to say to him on the ground that his opinion was not unbiassed. This did not matter much, however, for when she wrote another book—it was called "The First Love of a Middle-aged Man"—it was immediately accepted, and won her instant recognition. She had some very beautiful beliefs and enthusiasms, and her books were always inspired by highly moral purposes. It is not surprising that when the world fell down and worshipped her, the "éclat" in her native village was "positively painful," or that the young fool to whom she had persuaded her rich uncle to leave his fortune should have returned to his early love for her. She found it hard to forgive his wanderings and wickedness, and in truth he was a contemptible cad; but when he told her that God had made him a king and priest, she very properly concluded that it would be in bad taste to hold back any longer. So she married him, and we hope that they bored each other as much as they will bore whoever reads their extremely silly annals.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. CLOWES & SONS have nearly ready for publication the second edition of "The Law of the Press," by Mr. J. R. Fisher and Mr. J. A. Strahan, Barristers-at-Law. The sections dealing with Libel and Copyright have been practically re-written, and the scope of the book has been widened by the addition of a digest of the laws affecting newspapers in the various British Colonies. Notwithstanding the rapid growth and importance of the English press in such countries as South Africa, Canada, Australia, and India, this is the first time that an exposition of the laws under which those newspapers exist has found its place in an English Law-book.

"Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century" is in course of preparation for the autumn season by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. It deals with the life and work of twelve representative painters who have selected reproductions of their own works to appear as illustrations in the volume, which is being edited by Max Rooses, the well-known art connoisseur of Antwerp. The biographical notices are by writers specially conversant with their subject. In addition to 200 illustrations in the text, there will be many photographs and etchings.

The same publishers are issuing an historical romance by Professor George Ebers in two volumes entitled "Arachne." It is translated from the German by Miss Mary Safford, who rendered "Barbara Blomberg" and "In the Fire of the Forge," by the above author, into English.

Mr. Leslie Stephens' two new volumes, shortly to be published, are chiefly composed of articles which have appeared at various times in the "National Review," "Fortnightly," and the "Cornhill." The essays include, amongst others, "National Biography," "Evolution of Editors," "Johnsoniana," "Gibbon's Autobiography," "Arthur Young," "Wordsworth's Youth," "Story of Scott's Ruin," "Matthew Arnold," and "Life of Tennyson."

"Earth Sculpture" is a new volume of the "Progressive Series," by Professor James Geikie, soon to be issued. It deals with the author's conception of the earliest formations of surface features, rocks and rock structures, the architecture of the earth's crust, and the general evidence of rock removal.

Mr. William Canton, the author of several delightful poems for children, has written a volume of short stories to be issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. The title is to be "A Child's Book of Saints," in which an attempt is made to include in the form of a story the faith, idealism and fancy of the Middle Ages.

The Declaration of Paris is to form the subject of a book in consequence of its being brought into prominence by the Spanish-American war. The complete text of the Declaration is to be given in a volume by Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., to be brought out by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Bookselling and publishing appear to meet with better remuneration in the Antipodes than in this country. The will of the late Mr. G. Robertson, a wholesale Australian bookseller, discloses property of the value of £117,000 in Victoria alone. It is said that Mr. Robertson originally commenced business with a small collection of miscellaneous books with an ordinary huckster's barrow for his shop.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THIS month the "Nineteenth Century" is what it should be, and not always is, true to its name, and a many-sided number. Of politics we have enough, considering the present rather congested condition of things political, in Mr. Frederick Greenwood's well-tempered contribution on the Anglo-American *entente* or *rapprochement*, and in the curious "Russian Comment" on a recent article by Mr. Greenwood in the same review. That public opinion in the United States is for expansion, for a place among the nations of the world, and not for pre-eminence in the New World only, above all for rank among the powers of the world, there is abundant evidence to show. There must inevitably be, as Mr. Greenwood puts it, "another great fighting power in the world," which should prove to our advantage, though "another competitor for empire" in the field should not "lighten our obligation to go well armed." As to the "Russian Comment" on "England at War," the "new international policy of truthfulness, equity and sympathy" is pretty and visionary, and we sympathise with the writer's aspirations. But, for heaven's sake, let us face facts. So far, the word "international," whether applied to exhibitions or societies, has proved of evil omen. When we are all "internationalised," by school teaching, by much travel, by cordial entertaining of the foreigner, and so forth, where will the nations be? Two aspects, out of the hundred or more possible aspects, of Mr. Gladstone are presented in Mr. Wilfred Meynell's paper on "Mr. Gladstone and the Roman Church," and that of Dr. Guinness Rogers on "Mr. Gladstone and the Nonconformists." Mr. Meynell, who deals chiefly with Gladstone's attitude towards Manning and Newman and other prominent Anglican converts to Rome, is pleasantly reminiscent. It must be agreeable to those who have been expatiating on the statesman's remarkable sense of humour to know that "even when his collars were caricatured in the papers he was inclined to measure the inches, and to explain that the proportions were at fault." Such was this great man's painful "literalness." Dr. Rogers is quite sure that Gladstone never was a Whig, and always was a Conservative all through his career. He was not a Radical, whatever his "rivals"—yes, "rivals" is the word Dr. Rogers uses—and his "opponents" thought. Canon Wood cites some strange examples of the way in which history is written in his article on "The Just Punishment of Heretics." We are amazed, by the way, that he should believe "the sentiment of humanity" is of "very recent growth." Mr. Claude Phillips, in his survey of the Paris "Salons," refers to the controversy on M. Rodin's Balzac statue as the "succès de scandale" of the artistic season, and observes of this achievement "monumental art refuses to lend itself to such quasi-literary phantasies." It is all the fault of these too-literary art

critics. They have led M. Rodin astray. Mr. Stanley Young is at least opportune with his description and analysis of M. Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," that "strangely fascinating play," a version of which—may heaven guide the translator!—is forthcoming on the English stage. Colonel Adye's interesting account of the "Capture of Havana by England in 1762," and Mr. Herbert Paul's excellent discourse on "The Art of Letter-Writing" must be mentioned among the contents of an attractive "Nineteenth Century."

In the "Fortnightly" the first and second articles are devoted to Mr. Gladstone. Lord Stanmore's estimate of the statesman, based on friendship of many years—"I cannot remember when I did not know Mr. Gladstone," the writer observes—is by much the more interesting and readable of the two. Non-political in tone, this is a tribute that should be read with pleasure by everybody. Mr. Henry St. John Raikes contributes, "Some Stray Letters of Mr. Gladstone," eight in number, dated some fifty years since, none of which are especially characteristic. Mr. W. Knox Johnson's study of Leopardi as poet and philosopher is judicious and thoughtful for the most part, though we must except the unfortunate analogy he suggests between the nature-painting of Leopardi and Tennyson and the landscape art of Corot and Mr. Leader. On the question of our lease of Wei-hai-Wei, Mr. R. S. Yorke has not a little that is foolish and idle to say. We should, he observes, "make a Cyprus" of the bay, and should on no account give it up, as he is assured, on high authority, "incalculable damage was done to our prestige by the abandonment of Port Hamilton." Mr. F. W. Hirst draws a striking picture of Austria-Hungary under the heading "A Dissolving Empire." M. Auguste Filon's latest instalment of his review of "The Modern French Drama" deals with the works of two of its most discussed exponents, M. Edmond Rostand and M. Jean Richepin, and is by no means the least illuminative number of the series. "Diplomaticus" is severely critical on the question "Is there an Anglo-American Understanding?" The very question savours of infidelity almost, for there is the popular belief in the "understanding," and those in whom belief was not at once instilled by Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech have since heard so much of it that they are forced to conclude there is something in it. "Rightly rebellious," Miss Lucy Garnett is convinced, are the Philippine Islanders, with regard to whom she has written an extremely pleasing article, treating of Philippine society, customs and manners, with an entertaining touch.

(For This Week's Books see page 26.)

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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LITERATURE.

Studies of a Biographer, The (2 vols.) (L. Stephen). Duckworth. 12s.

SPORT.

On Plain and Peak (R. L. Hodgson). Constable. 7s. 6d.
Sport, The Encyclopædia of (Part 17). Lawrence & Bullen. 2s.
Trout, The (Marquess of Granby). Longmans. 5s.

VERSE.

Birth-Deck Ballads (W. S. Bate).
Poems (E. H. Coleridge). Lane. 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Brodie, Benjamin (Timothy Holmes). Fisher Unwin.
Gladstone, Souvenir Life of (J. Burnley and A. H. Jupp). Roy.

FICTION.

At You-All's House (J. N. Baskett). Macmillan.
Dead Selves (J. Magruder). Bowden.
Esther's Pilgrimage (J. H. Harris). Macqueen.
General Manager's Story, The (H. E. Hamblen). Macmillan. 6s.
Kathleen Mavourneen (Randal MacDonnell). Fisher Unwin.
Meg of the Scarlet Foot (W. Edwards Tirebuck). Harper.
Modern Instances (E. D'Arcy). Lane.
Perish the Baubles! (F. H. Wood). Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.
Pottle Papers, The (Saul Smiff). Lawrence Greening.
Russian Vagabond, A (F. Wishaw). Pearson.
Silver Christ, The (Ouida). Fisher Unwin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Animal Intelligence, The Nature and Development of (W. Mills). Fisher Unwin.
Architecture Among the Poets (H. H. Statham). Batsford.
Cookery, The Encyclopædia of Practical (2 vols.) (edited by T. F. Garrett). Upcott Gill.
Development of the Child, The (N. Oppenheim). Macmillan.
Gaiety Chronicles (J. Hollingshead). Constable. 21s.
London Manual, The, 1898-99. Lloyd. 1s. 6d.
Meade, General Sir Richard (T. H. Thornton). Longmans. 10s. 6d.
Scottish Life and Humour (W. Sinclair). Sinclair.
Sweden, Guide to. Phillip. 5s.
Workman's Compensation Act, 1897 (R. B. Minton-Senhouse and G. F. Emery). Bemrose. 1s.
Work of a Bank (H. T. Easton). Wilson.

TRANSLATIONS.

Arachne (2 vols.) (Georg Ebers). Sampson Low.
Psychology of the Saints, The (H. Joly). Duckworth.
Saint Augustine (Ad. Hatzfeld). Duckworth.

REPRINTS.

Christ, A Short Life of (C. Geikie). Longmans. 3s. 6d.
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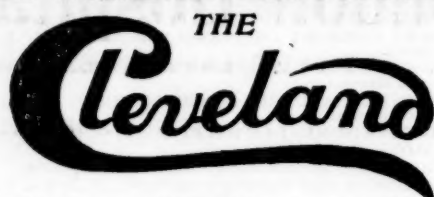
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CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	118 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	407 ozs.
Total Gold recovered	...	3393 ozs.

ST. MARK'S HOSPITAL,

FOR FISTULA

AND OTHER

DISEASES OF THE RECTUM,
CITY ROAD, E.C.

FOUNDED 1835.

The only entirely Free special Hospital devoted to
the treatment of these painful and distressing
diseases.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED TO OPEN
THE CLOSED WARDS.

PATIENTS WAITING FOR ADMISSION.

Treasurer:

RICHARD BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.P.

EDGAR PENMAN, *Secretary.*

ROYAL ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM

BAGSHOT. (Founded 1864.)

PATRON - - HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

For Necessitous Boys and Girls from all parts of the
United Kingdom.

30 BEDS ARE VACANT
FOR WANT OF FUNDS.

There is no canvassing for Votes. Help is urgently
appealed for.

Alderman Sir REGINALD HANSON, Bart., M.P., *Treasurer.*

Col. Hon. CHAS. ELIOT.

Mr. W. H. TATUM, *Secretary.*

Offices: 62 King William Street, E.C.

BANKERS: LLOYD'S BANK.

FOUNDED 1860 BY THE LATE REV. DR. GILBERT.

The Charity now maintains -

THE NIGHT REFUGE, which provides Food and Shelter free of cost to
nearly 300 deserving poor every night in winter.

A FREE SOUP KITCHEN, which distributes over
1000 quarts of soup to the hungry poor every week in
severe weather.

A HOME for Training Twenty
Servants, and one for Women
out of employment.



PROVIDENCE (ROW) NIGHT REFUGE and HOME
For Destitute Men, Women, and Children,
CRISPIN STREET and RAVEN ROW, LONDON, E.

London Hospital,

WHITECHAPEL, E.

CHAIRMAN: THE HON. SYDNEY HOLLAND.

THE LARGEST HOSPITAL
IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The Number of Beds for In-Patients is 780.

The total number of IN-PATIENTS treated in
1897 was 11,146.

The total number of OUT-PATIENTS treated in
1897 was 161,033.

FUNDS ARE VERY URGENTLY NEEDED, FOR

The ORDINARY EXPENDITURE in 1897 was £87,104.

The ASSURED INCOME from Investments in 1897 was £22,332.

The Assured Income in future will unfortunately be less,
owing to a fall in the rate of interest of some of our
investments, and the House Committee appeals for
more Annual Subscriptions.

Each £5 5s. per annum provides for one In-patient.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to be sent to J. H. BUXTON, *Treasurer*, or to

G. Q. ROBERTS, *House Governor.*

Instituted 1750.

CITY OF LONDON LYING-IN HOSPITAL,
CITY ROAD, E.C.

PATRONESS:

HER GRACE (ELIZABETH) THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

TREASURER: A. J. ROBERTS, Esq.

BANKERS: MESSRS. ROBERTS, LUBBOCK & CO.

THIS Hospital affords Medical and Surgical treatment to
poor Married Women, both as In and Out-Patients, also for the
Training of Midwives and Monthly Nurses.

Patients delivered last year, 2189; delivered in the Hospital
since 1750, 60,150.

The Expenditure exceeds the income by over £500.

New Annual Subscriptions especially solicited.

R. A. OWTHTWAITE, *Secretary.*

Pity the Poor Blind!

To the Editor of the MORNING POST.

SIR,—In the great volume of lamentable sound that goes up from suffering humanity it is difficult to distinguish separate tones, yet in that concert of wretchedness there can be no voice of sharper anguish than that of the destitute blind, and one would think that this bitter plaint must smite not in vain the ears of the rich and seeing. That it falls comparatively unheeded on hearing dulled by selfish prosperity is evidenced by the grievously inadequate support afforded to such an admirable engine for the succour of the sightless as the National Blind Relief Society, yet it would be difficult to find a Society which combines such claims on public attention. The goodness of its end is beyond the reach of controversy. It has stood the test of time, having been fighting its brave uphill battle for over fifty years. It is absolutely unself-seeking. In days when the greed and waste of funds revealed in the cases of various other charitable societies has given many persons a disgust for all schemes of organized benevolence, its unpaid secretary speaks to the singleness of its eye. It knows no distinction of creed. It helps the blind in their own homes, without driving them in their dark evening of life into public institutions, and it helps them quickly. None have to wait longer than a year for its little pensions; most receive them within three months from the date of application. Of these pensions during the past year the Society has given 600. How gladly would it have given 6000! But, alas! it has expended £2855 1s. 1d., and its subscriptions and donations have amounted to but £2629 12s. 7½d. Six hundred little pensions, and in the United Kingdom there are 20,000 blind persons still unprovided for! The eye runs over the list of cases, each short, dry paragraph an abstract of utter woe—the quarryman blasted into darkness, the two sightless sisters without a penny of income, the promising young workman smitten with irremediable eye disease, the blind man to whose night his paralysed wife can give no relief. Sadder still, perhaps, the naval officer's daughter who has seen better days, the governess to whose already failing eyes an unsuccessful operation has brought total darkness. Each short story in its unvarnished plainness is a homily on human agony and human endurance, but they are so numerous that we can give but a moment to each. Beside the infinite pathos of so large a body of patient suffering is set the hardly inferior pathos of the aid that comes to it. In the words of the report, "While the Committee are sometimes disappointed by the gifts of the rich they are greatly cheered by the offerings of the poor." Then follows the touching record of humble hardly-spared generosity. The domestic servant's postal order for 5s., the little girl's collected pennies, and the thankoffering from the old lady of 88. It is fit that the affluent should learn to their shame how largely it is the poor who help the poor. In the case of those whose ungrivingness springs from callousness to a brother's pain, from a miserly spirit, or exaggerated self-indulgence, this appeal will probably fall upon deaf ears; but to those who err merely from ignorance or thoughtlessness I would say earnestly, "Give, give as well for your own sakes as for those in whose behalf I appeal to you; give freely if you can, but at all events give, and give quickly, mindful of your 20,000 brothers and sisters crying to you in the dark." The Hon. Secretary of the Society is the Rev. J. Pulein-Thompson, The Vicarage, 27 Tite Street, Chelsea.

Yours, &c., RHODA BROUGHTON.

1 MANSFIELD PLACE, RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.

17 November.

KINGDOM of the NETHERLANDS.

Issue of 57,815,000 Florins 3 per Cent. Dutch Government Loan.

Authorised by the Law of 9 June, 1898.

MESSRS. SPEYER BROTHERS AND THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, LIMITED, are authorised by His Excellency the Dutch Minister of Finance to receive Subscriptions for the above Loan, bearing interest from 1 September, 1898.

THE PRICE OF ISSUE IN LONDON is 97 per cent., equal to £97 per Fl. 1200 (£100 nominal), payable as follows:—£5 (per Fl. 1200) on Application; £20 (per Fl. 1200) on Allotment; £35 (per Fl. 1200) on 29 August, 1898; £37 (per Fl. 1200) on 3 October, 1898; Total £97 (per Fl. 1200) £100 nominal.

Payment in full may be made on Allotment or on 29 August, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent per annum. In default of payment of any instalment, the amount previously paid will be subject to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates "to bearer" will be issued in exchange for the letter of Allotment. These Certificates, when fully paid, will be exchanged as soon as possible after 1 September against definitive Bonds.

The Bonds will be "to bearer" in amounts of Fl. 1200, Fl. 600, and Fl. 100 each, with half-yearly Coupons due 1 March and 1 September, payable in Amsterdam, and also at the Union Bank of London, Limited, at the exchange of the day. The Bonds may be exchanged in Amsterdam at any time for a like amount of 3 per Cent. Inscribed Government Stock.

The Law of 9 June, 1898, declares that a sum equal to the present Loan shall be provided for by an annual accumulative Sinking Fund of 1 per cent., commencing in 1899, and that this Fund shall from time to time be applied either by purchases or by drawings at par of any part of the then outstanding 3 per Cent. Dutch Loan. The Government reserves to itself the right to increase the Sinking Fund at any time.

The same law provides that the interest on Bonds drawn ceases from the day they are payable, and such drawn Bonds, if not presented for payment within ten years from their due date will be forfeited.

These Bonds are similar in every respect to those now officially quoted in London, Amsterdam, Paris, and Frankfurt-on-Maine.

The Subscription will be opened simultaneously in Amsterdam and Brussels.

The Subscription in London will be opened on Tuesday, 5 July, 1898, and close at or before 4 o'clock on the same day.

Applications for the Bonds must be made on the annexed form, either to Messrs. SPEYER BROTHERS, 7 Lothbury, London, E.C., or to the UNION BANK OF LONDON, LIMITED, 2 Princes Street, London, E.C.

The allotment of the Loan will be made as early as possible after the subscription is closed.

A translation of the Law of 9 June, 1898, may be inspected at the office of Messrs. Freshfields & Williams, 31 Old Jewry, E.C. LONDON, E.C., 30 June, 1898.

KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

ISSUE OF 57,815,000 FLORINS 3 PER CENT. DUTCH GOVERNMENT LOAN.

TO MESSRS. SPEYER BROTHERS AND THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, LIMITED, LONDON.

.....request that you will allot Fl. in the above Loan, on whichenclose the required deposit of £5 per Fl. 1200, viz., £ in accordance with the Prospectus issued by you, dated 30 June, 1898, and engage to accept the said Bonds, or any smaller amount you may allot, and to make the payments thereon in accordance with the Prospectus.

Signature

Name in full

Address in full

Date 1898.

THE FERREIRA GOLD MINING CO., Ltd.

DIVIDEND No. 15.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 150% (One Hundred and Fifty per cent.) has been declared payable to Shareholders registered at the close of business at ONE o'clock on SATURDAY 9 JULY, 1898, and to the holders of COUPON No. 8 attached to SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER.

The Transfer Registers will be closed from 11 to 16 July, both days inclusive. The WARRANTS will be despatched to registered European Shareholders from the London Office as soon as possible after receipt of final returns from Johannesburg, and will probably be in the hands of Shareholders about 13 AUGUST.

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope).

Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and 40 branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital	£4,000,000.
Paid-up Capital	£1,000,000.
Reserve Fund	£800,000.

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application. J. CRUMBLEY, London Manager.

LOCKWOOD AND CO.

STOCK and MINING SHARE DEALERS,

3 THROGMORTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING and LAND SHARES.

WEST AUSTRALIAN MINING SHARES.

NEW ZEALAND MINING SHARES.

INDIAN MINING SHARES.

MISCELLANEOUS MINING SHARES.

Business in the above Shares for the Fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlements, or for One, Two, or Three Months Forward Delivery.

Terms of Business and Full Particulars on Application.

OUR MINING REVIEW and BAROMETER (fourth year of publication). This well-known Report appears weekly in the leading financial daily papers, and contains a comprehensive summary and careful forecast of the Mining Market.

DAILY MINING LIST, with closing prices of all active Shares.

WEEKLY MINING LIST, comprising a quantity of valuable information respecting Dividends, Calls, Mining Results, New Issues, &c. &c.

THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS POST FREE.

THE ROYAL LONDON Blind Pension Society, Homœopathic Hospital,

237 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON.

PATRON - HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

PRESIDENT - THE DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G.

Speaking recently on behalf of this Society, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES said:

"I do not think there is any Charity more worthy of your sympathy and support than this."

1002 PENSIONERS!

Blind, Poor, and worthy of Charitable Aid.

£7000 annually is required to pay current Pensions, which requires to be collected from Voluntary sources.

Treasurer—

JOHN C. BUMSTED, Esq., 36 King William Street, E.C.

Bankers—

BANK OF ENGLAND and Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, and CO.

Mr. GEORGE POCKOCK, Honorary Secretary, will gratefully acknowledge Contributions.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL

Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

THIS Hospital was founded in 1828 on the principle of *free* and unrestricted admission of the Sick Poor; poverty and suffering being the only passports required. Having no endowment, it is entirely dependent for support on the subscriptions of its Governors and the voluntary donations and bequests of its friends.

The Committee Appeal for £10,000

for much needed improvements in the Wards, additions to the Nurses' Quarters, Lifts, and Heating Apparatus.

CONRAD W. THIES, *Secretary*.

A GENERAL HOSPITAL

For Men, Women, and Children, including Special Departments for Diseases of Women, Diseases of the Eye, Diseases of the Throat, Diseases of the Skin, Diseases of the Ear, Diseases of Children, Orthopædic Surgery, and Dental Diseases.

GREAT ORMOND STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON. W.C.

President—

THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH.

Vice-Presidents—

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE EARL OF DYSART.

THE LORD GRINTHORPE.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

THE LORD EBEURY.

THE LORD NEWTON.

SIR CHARLES ISHAM, Bart.

The New Building provides accommodation for

100 PATIENTS,

and contains every approved and tried improvement in Hospital construction.

The regular annual income from all sources is £6500; the present rate of expenditure is £8500 per year. The deficiency, £2000, has to be made up in Special Donations and Annual Subscriptions, for which the Board of Management appeal earnestly.

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to "The London Homœopathic Hospital."

Treasurer - - - - - THE EARL CAWDOR.

Chairman - - - - - J. P. STILLWELL, Esq.

Secretary-Superintendent - - - - - G. A. CROSS.

Her Majesty the Queen has been the Patron of this Institution for 50 Years.

ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR Diseases of the Chest,

CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

*President—*THE LORD ROTHSCHILD.

*Treasurer—*S. HOPE MORLEY, Esq.

*Chairman of the Council—*SIR THOMAS DE LA RUE, Bart.

*Vice-Chairman—*THE HON. LIONEL ASHLEY.

THIS Hospital was the first of its kind established in Europe, and has uninterruptedly since 1814 carried on its great work in the midst of the suffering poor of the metropolis.

It treats annually about 750 IN-PATIENTS, who come from all parts of the country, and the ATTENDANCES OF OUT-PATIENTS EACH YEAR NUMBER ABOUT 25,000.

The Charity's Income from all sources does not exceed £3000, whereas its ANNUAL EXPENDITURE averages £8000, leaving an ANNUAL DEFICIT OF £5000.

DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS are earnestly solicited, and may be sent direct to the Treasurer, or to the

Secretary, JOHN HARROLD.

THE NEW AFRICAN COMPANY
LIMITED.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

TO BE SUBMITTED TO

THE FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS

TO BE HELD ON THE 27TH DAY OF JUNE, 1898.

THE DIRECTORS beg to hand the Shareholders the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the Financial Year ending 31 December, 1897. As will be seen, the present issued Capital of £200,000 is favourably represented, after deducting current liabilities, by about £150,000 of Liquid Assets (Cash Government Securities and Loans); by £63,000 of marketable Gold, Diamond, and Copper Shares; and by some £17,000 of other interests. In addition, there is an unrealised profit in shares of the nominal amount of £200,000 as shown last year, the balance at the Credit of Profit and Loss Account now being £26,282 12s. 1s.

The unrealised profit is represented by a holding of £200,000 Shares taken at par in the Oceana Company, whose extensive territorial, railway, and mining interests throughout the Congo Free State, Mozambique, and the Transvaal, continue to grow in intrinsic value with the rapid transit and commercial development now proceeding in all parts of the African Continent.

The Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of 12½ per cent., free of Income Tax, carrying forward a balance of £1282 12s. 1d.

The position of the New African Company remains, as will be seen, strong and satisfactory. The Board, in the absence of favourable opportunities, and in view of the general outlook, abstained from entering into important fresh business during 1897, and as the Company is, for the present, sufficiently largely interested in South Africa, the Directors are at present examining various promising proposals for investment in other quarters.

Mr. MAX LYON, C.E., of Paris, was appointed a Director of the Company in December, 1897.

Messrs. COOPER BROTHERS & Co., the Auditors, who also retire, offer themselves for re-election.

By order of the Board,

THOMAS F. DALGLISH, *Secretary.*

LONDON, 18 June, 1898.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1897.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1897.				Cr.			
To CAPITAL—				By CASH—			
AUTHORISED: 400,000 Shares at £1 each... 400,000 0 0				At Bankers and in hand: London 42,280 9 5 Paris 1,093 16 11 Johannesburg 1,174 17 8 .. Bills Receivable 48,549 4 0 .. Investments and Loans— 2,000 0 0 Foreign Government Securities, De- bentures, Bank and Railway Shares 61,759 6 3 Short Loans on Stock Exchange Se- curities 19,827 7 6 Loans secured by Shares and otherwise 21,083 1 8 .. Debtors 102,669 15 5 .. Mining Shares and Participations— 1,745 0 1 Diamond and Copper Shares... 3,740 12 6 Gold and Land Shares having regular 154,964 8 6 quotations 59,346 8 6 Miscellaneous and Syndicate Participa- tions 17,701 10 5 .. Oceana Consolidated Company Shares— 80,788 11 5 200,000 Shares at par being unrealised 200,000 9 0 Profit 3,000 0 0 .. Johannesburg Dwelling House Office Furniture Account— London 1 0 0 Paris 1 0 0 Johannesburg 1 0 0			
ISSUED: 200,000 Shares at £1 each 200,000 0 0 .. Sundry Creditors 6,592 2 10 .. Unclaimed Dividends: Outstanding Dividend Warrants 156 5 0 Reserve against Eventual Liability 5,725 0 0 .. Contingent Liabilities on Securities held, £4,337 4s. .. Profit Account subject to Realisation: Oceana Shares at par 200,000 0 0 .. Profit and Loss Account: Balance 26,282 12 1			 102,669 15 5 1,745 0 1 154,964 8 6 80,788 11 5 200,000 9 0 3,000 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 3 0 0			
£438,755 19 11				£438,755 19 11			

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ending 31 December, 1897.

To Salaries, Offices and other Expenses—		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
London and Paris	...	2,641	17	3				By Balance brought forward from 1896	...	38,564	9	6
Johannesburg	...	6,265	10	6	8,907	7	9	„ Interests and Dividends	...	6,727	3	9
„ Cablegrams, Travelling Expenses, Law Expenses, and Auditors' Fees	...				881	0	3	„ Receipts in Johannesburg for Secretarial Duties, Engineering, and Directors' Fees	...	4,711	2	2
„ Amounts written off—								„ Realised Profit on Shares	...	2,602	10	10
On Shares and Investments, on Balance	15,886	9	11					„ Sundries	...	818	19	6
Bad Debts	...	962	5	7								
On Office Furniture	...	504	10	0								
					17,353	5	6					
„ Profit Balance carried to Balance-sheet	..				26,282	12	1					
					£53,424	5	7			£53,424	5	7

ALBERT DE DIETRICH } *Directors.*
ALBERT L. OCHS. }

THOMAS F. DALGLISH, *Secretary.*

We have examined the above Balance Sheet, with the Accounts and Vouchers in London and the Accounts received from Paris and Johannesburg, and find it correct.

LONDON, 18 June, 1898.

COOPER BROTHERS & CO. (*Chartered Accountants*), Auditors.